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COLLEGE AND SCHOOL NEWS

Miss Virginia Simmons, 1934 alumna of **Bennett College**, has been named by the Institute of International Education, Franco-American Fellow to study at the University of Paris during the year 1938–39. She is an honor graduate of **Bennett College** and has completed work for an M.A. degree at the University of Wiscon. She has also studied at Columbia University. She is on leave from **Wilberforce University.**

The **Howard University** Library has recently received valuable additions to its resources. The Minister of Foreign Affairs of France has presented 200 books on philosophy, politics, economics, sociology, history, chemistry and zoology. Over 500 volumes were bequeathed by the late Dean E. P. Davis of the College of Liberal Arts. They were mainly devoted to German language and literature. From England has come the death mask of Samuel Coleridge-Taylor, presented by his widow. Other gifts have come from Prof. Thomas D. Wood, Teachers College, Columbia University; from the estate of Miss Myra Spaulding whose family erected Spaulding Hall; Mrs. M. C. Manuel of Washington, D. C., and from the estate of Josiah T. Settle, a pioneer alumnus.

By vote of the trustees, June 4, 1938, **Storer College,** Harpers Ferry, Va. will offer four years of college work, granting the usual baccalaureate degrees. The largest freshman class in its history was greeted on September 19. During the past summer large additions were made to the science equipment, especially in the department of physics. Brackett Hall for Women has been entirely renovated. Maple floors have been laid, new room furnishings installed, the building painted and the interior is done in cream and white. **Storer's** able President is Dr. Henry T. McDonald.

West Virginia State College had a most successful nine weeks summer session. During the session the following short courses were featured: School for Religious Workers, Coal Mining Education, Home and Community Life, Agricultural Methods, 4-H Club Work,

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Howard University held one of the most successful summer schools in its history, enrolling more than 400 students.

The **Howard University** Library Staff has two additions this year in the persons of Mr. Lawrence A. Hill and Mr. Joseph H. Reason. Mr. Hill, a Howard alumnus, is Circulation Assistant. Mr. Reason, who has been librarian at the Florida Agricultural and Mechanical College for Negroes since 1936, is Supervisor of the Reference Department. He is a graduate of New Orleans University, an A.B. 1932 from Howard University, an A.M. 1933 from the University of Pennsylvania, and B.S. 1936 from the School of Library Service, Columbia University.

Mrs. Ella A. Brown, Reference Librarian, and Miss J. Maurice Thomas, Cataloger, attended Columbia University during the 1938 summer session. Mrs. Elizabeth F. Vaughan has returned to the library after a year's study at the University of Southern California where she received the Bachelor of Science degree in Library Science in June 1938. She is now Assistant Circulation Librarian.

The **Morgan College** summer school closed after a six-week session. It was primarily for public school teachers and the enrollment was 405. Special emphasis was placed on courses of study and facilities for the in-service training of city and rural public school teachers. Through the cooperation of Anne Arundel County, Morgan College conducted two rural demonstration schools, a one-room school at Cedar Hill, and a two-room school at Pumphries. These were model schools with rural environment, rural children and rural teachers.

The new $100,000 Thomas F. Holgate library at **Bennett College** will be ready for occupancy on December 1, 1938, instead of October 15, as originally planned. Work on the building was impeded by the unusual amount of rain this past summer. Negro bricklayers are exclusively employed on the job. The beautiful new building will be Georgian in design, two-story red brick with limestone trimming.

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The General Education Board of New York City will initiate and maintain for three years a Nursery School-Parent Education Center at **Bennett College.** Ultimate aim development of Negro family life through organized guidance of the child and parent in child care.

An experimental Little Theatre has been built in the Henry Pfeiffer Science Hall under the direction of Mrs. Osceola Adams, director of dramatics. It will be equipped with adequate staging and lighting facilities so that **Bennett's** girls may work out their own plays and direct them.

The **LeMoyne College** debating team (Messrs. James S. Byas and Charles W. Gilton, with their coach, Prof. Boris G. Alexander) have been accorded every courtesy and most enthusiastic reception everywhere they have gone in Australia and New Zealand to debate or to lecture.

The Tampa College for Negroes is seeking qualified persons for its faculty. As a part of its program of expansion, it is adding Adult Education Centers and a Correspondence Study Department in which 26 teachers will be employed.

Persons interested in joining the faculty should write to Dean James Alpheus Butler, 1312 Marion Street, Tampa, Fla.

The school year, 1938–1939 brings to **Howard University** faculty three scholarly additions: Rayford Logan, A.B. and M.A. from Williams College, and M.A. and Ph.D. from Harvard University, who will become professor of History, having formerly taught that subject at Virginia Union University and Atlanta University; Martin D. Jenkins, B.S. from Howard University, M.A. from Indiana State Teachers College, and M.S. and Ph.D. from Northwestern University, will become Associate Professor of Education, having been Fellow in Education at Northwestern University (1933–35), and professor at Virginia State College, at A. & T. College and Cheyney Teachers College from whence he joined Howard's faculty; Stanton Wormley, A.B. and M.A. from Howard University and Diplom der Universitaet from the University of Hamburg, will become assistant professor of German. He has been associate professor of German at Virginia State College.

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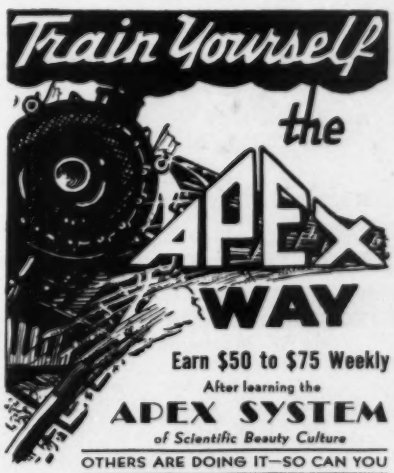

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Volume 45, No. 10 *Whole No. 334*

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THE CRISIS *was founded in* 1910. *It is published monthly at* 69 *Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., by Crisis Publishing Company, Inc., and is the official organ of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. The subscription price is* $1.50 *a year or* 15c *a copy. Foreign subscriptions* $1.75. *The date of expiration of each subscription is printed on the wrapper. When the subscription is due a blue renewal blank is enclosed. The address of a subscriber may be changed as often as desired, but both the old and new address must be given and two weeks' notice is necessary. Manuscripts and drawings relating to colored people are desired. They must be accompanied by return postage, and while* THE CRISIS *uses every care it assumes no responsibility for their safety in transit. Entered as second class matter November* 2, 1910, *at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March* 3, 1879, *and additional second class entry at Albany, N. Y.*

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NEXT MONTH

For next month and other issues during the winter, THE CRISIS will carry stories by Edna Quinn, Charles Carson, and Octavia B. Wynbush.

There will be an article suggesting a radical change in the type of education offered by Negro colleges, by S. Randolph Edmonds, head of the drama department at Dillard university. Mr. Edmonds has just returned to America after a year studying the drama in Ireland.

In November we will present the article, previously announced, "The Poetry and Argument of Langston Hughes," by Norman Macleod. There will be, also, a long-delayed piece on the discrimination being practiced by the Federal Theatre Project, with particular reference to New York.

Later in the winter THE CRISIS will offer a moving story of the color line within the Negro race by Marita Bonner.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Dean William Pickens is director of branches for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. He is an internationally known lecturer, has contributed to many of the leading magazines, and is the author of several books. In his travels have been included Europe, Hawaii, the West Indies, and all parts of the United States.

Augusta V. Jackson is a graduate of Brooklyn college who has become interested in labor problems. This is her second piece for THE CRISIS. She now lives in Richmond, Va.

Octavia B. Wynbush is well known to our readers for her stories which have appeared in THE CRISIS during the last three years. She teaches school in Kansas City, Mo.

Thomas B. Smith, a newcomer to our pages, teaches school in High Point, N. C. He was graduated from Wilberforce university in 1933.

W. Montague Cobb is a doctor of medicine and a doctor of philosophy. He is a member of the faculty of the school of medicine, department of anatomy, at Howard university.

Elaine Ellis, interested in labor problems, has written several articles for THE CRISIS. She lives in Texas.

What I Saw in Spain

By William Pickens

WHEN some one in a group of New Yorkers asked me in the summer what I intended to do in my month of vacation, "Perhaps go to Europe," I replied. "What for?" they asked.—"Just to see how many democrats are still left running loose there."—"Well," said Jimmie Harris, one of the group, "you better hurry, or you'll be able to call a mass meeting of them in a 'phone booth."

"Will you visit Germany?" some one challenged.—"No, sirree, for my opinions are so strong against dictators that they may stick out of my pores, be discovered,—and I could be framed." Think of that,—when only ten years ago, even six years ago, I had more friends in Germany than in any other nation outside of the United States, and when traveling about Europe I always felt "at home" when I got into Germany. But today there is no law in Germany, only will and whim, and there is no health for a democrat. I am going to die a democrat,—and I do not want that end to be forced upon me by fascist dictators. The last time I was in Germany was just a few months before Hitler; the next time I go to Germany will be at least a few months after Hitler.

So this time I planned definitely to go to France and England, two countries that might still be listed in the democratic column, and I left the matter pending as to whether I should go to Switzerland and Prague or to Belgium and Denmark also. This question was settled when we had a dinner for the Medical Bureau of New York, which is supplying medical aid and ambulances to the Spanish Government, and they asked me to visit Spain. Well, visit Spain I would. Friends in Paris had already been suggesting Spain. It was difficult, for in all American passports there is a red stamp now, indicating that they are not good for Spain. This is not to keep Americans free from France and Italian bombs. It has no relation to the safety of Americans; it seems part of the unconscious "plot" of the democracies to run out on all the democracy that is left in Spain, and to aid what they ought to hate: Fascism in Spain. For, note, these same passports do not forbid Americans to go to China, where bombs are thicker, nor to other places almost as dangerous to the individual. But Spain is cut out. That had to be overcome. I would go legally, although many Americans, French and English go illegally, or rather without the consent of their own governments. When I went into Spain an English woman went in, in spite of her government, and an American woman came in the same evening, without American o.k., and after two months of trying to get in from southern France.

Perhaps I could never have got in illegally: it would have taken too much time or too much pain or both, and I had only a short time. Accordingly, we got in touch with Secretary Hull's office, the American state department, with the straight request that I get permission to enter Spain. In the few days before I left on the Queen Mary, the reply could not be received, and the Medical Bureau was to cable me in Paris and the State Department was to cable the American ambassador there. When I reached Paris, I soon received a cable from Mr. Reissig of the New York Bureau office, saying that the matter was "pending" in Washington, and suggesting certain Paris contacts. Thinking that the American government had not yet made up its mind, I went to the international organization in Paris that aids the Spanish Government and began to get ideas. The second day, I suggested that we call up the American ambassador and ask if he had heard from our state department. Surprisingly he had; perhaps he had the cable when I arrived in Paris.

Now to the American embassy with my passport, to get the necessary notations made in it. It did not take the Americans as long as it takes Europeans: the Americans used only one hour and fifteen minutes, doing what could have been done in fifteen minutes. They cancelled the prohibtion against entering Spain and entered a note from the embassy that I was permitted to enter.

The French Are Leisurely

But, not yet. The fight has just begun: the French authorities have to give their permission, since I am to enter Spain from France and over a closed French border. So next to the Prefect of Police. Now there is where it takes *time*. Not a gendarme nor a functionary in the place knew who the Prefect was. At least they would not say, but only referred one to the information window, before which a long line was already formed, waiting to ask the clerk perhaps similar questions, many of which could have been answered by the elevator boy, but for the official notion that all information must be secured from the information clerk. So there!

After entering this line and at long last getting up to the clerk and putting in my inquiry and stating briefly what I needed, the information clerk went away to find a personage for me, leaving me at the window and a long line behind me. This personage was finally secured and came out, learned my request, and told me of another line which I must enter in order to leave my passport (for two days!). One always has a reluctance at leaving his passport in European offices, outside of English offices. Once in Moscow I left my passport and when I went back it took the girl clerks what seemed like hours to find it. I actually waited painfully looking on while the embarrassed clerks went through baskets of jumbled passports, examining first one and then another, trying to find my precious American one. At that time, too, we did not have any official relations with Russia, and it was looking as if I were to be there for months, while the long red tape was being unwound, measured and cut and re-wound in America to "prove" my American citizenship. But at last the thing was found.

But I was determined to get into Spain, so I left my passport with the French. Two days later I went, got on the end of a que, and when I reached the window my passport was not ready, had not been sent back yet from some high-and-mighty place. I was asked by the very kindly girls to come back in two hours. So I walked for miles along the Seine, looking at the book stalls that are erected against the river wall, such as vegetable stands in America. In practically all of the stalls I saw many copies of Hitler's "Mein Kampf." The French are reading that book. They are learning Hitler's intentions, and his opinion of the French. Almost to the Louvre in my walking, I hailed a cab and went to a restaurant near the Madeleine, where I had an appointment; left a note and

took a cab back to the Prefecture. This time, after I negotiated another line, I was asked to wait "a few minutes," and was many minutes later called to the window and given my passport, with authority of France to cross the French border into Spain.

About "Neutrality"

No, that is not all,—not yet. There is still the Spanish ambassador's office, the long train ride to southern France, to Perpignan, the last French town, the seeing of the authorities and the Spanish counsul there, the arrangements about money (very queer and uncertain in time of war), and then the tackling of the actual border, where the French military must pass you on one side and on the other the Spanish must receive you, both looking you over carefully. What a pain to enter Spain! But it is not the fault of the Spaniard; it is due to the false idea about "neutrality," a word I shall not respect so much in the future as I have respected it in the past. When there is a human fight going on, other humans cannot be neutral. They may act neutral, if they be afraid, but they cannot be neutral, ever. When a thug attacks the innocent, when a brute attacks the helpless, when a grown-up is beating a child, one certainly then is far from neutral. But in an effort to keep the peace with Italy and Germany, France has endeavored to follow England and act neutral. Those people of France and England do not want war, are afraid of a great war. What sane government heads are not afraid of war? Hitler is the only kind that does not fear it. But is war being avoided or its ultimate horrors lessened or increased by yielding to the bullying type of state heads?

From Perpignan to Barcelona we travel by road, auto and bus, for 125 miles, or a longer distance, into Spain. Trains are too dangerous, too visible to the eyes of war planes. Cars can take cover on the lovely highways that are canopied by the branches of the plane trees. In a Spanish town we stop for a bite of lunch and refreshments. What a monstrosity is war! In southern France are fruits, the best in the world, food in abundance, bread, sweets, vegetables, all begging to be sold. The shops and stalls are full of food. Just a few miles away is Spain, where this food would be worth its weight in gold, where people are smoking weeds for cigarette tobacco, where food is reduced to bare necessity even in the best hotels. That is "neutrality": the nations have closed their borders to these people who are on the defensive; they could not for a long time buy even anti-aircraft guns from France and England for the defense of Barcelona,

WILLIAM PICKENS

which is open to frequent attacks from the Italian airmen from the Balearic Islands.

And this town in Spain in which we stopped was, unlike Barcelona, situated back from the coast, and yet it had been horribly bombed. Houses looked like skeletons, like ruins. These houses are not of wood. There is no wood for buildings in most of Europe, especially southern Europe. The houses are of rock and brick and earth, and that is why the whole city is not reduced to ashes when it is bombed and individual blocks set on fire. It is impossible to describe the wreckage from these powerful explosives that fall from the sky. Jupiter had no thunderbolt as terrific as these bombs.

We arrived in Barcelona, capital of Catalunya, great city on the Costa Brava, with more than a million inhabitants in normal times, but now with over two million, including the refugees from Franco areas, city of great Paseos and Boulevards, and of artistic buildings, with their stone and iron fronts carved or moulded into the flowing lines of sea waves or the foliage of trees. Life was not just something to go through in Spain: it was evidently something for the Catalonians to enjoy, "before the war."

It was just before night when we arrived, and were put out at the Majestic Hotel on Paseo de Gracias, great avenue with four walkways for pedestrians and three for vehicles, the central vehicular way being a two-way passage. The Majestic is (was) the leading hotel of the city. When we registered we were told: "The elevator is not running; you must walk up." Fortunately buildings are not sky-scrapers in Europe. The top floor here was the seventh. I had a room on the sixth floor up. No elevators; all energy being saved for the prosecution of war and defense.

Catalunya was evidently a very prosperous part of the world, and the most prosperous part of Spain. Why did we not go there when there was peace and when the travelers by foot on the highways went playing stringed instruments and singing? One Boston woman who came in the next morning told me that she was in Barcelona seven years before and that it was so prosperous that it was really wicked, and that she could hardly walk a block along the great Paseo Ramblas without "being insulted" every few hundred feet. But now in imminent danger of hellish attack at any hour, and more especially on any moonlit night, the men of Barcelona have no time to tease foreign women. And yet life goes on in Barcelona: hating, loving, having babies and planning futures. The air bombs have driven the people together against the enemy and forced them to construct underground refuges. These refuges are being built in many streets and under whole squares. Republican Square has one that can take in at least one thousand humans. All refuges have two exits or entrances, so that in case one is blown in by a bomb, the other may be open. But that is not all, for they have air vents in addition and picks and shovels stored inside for digging out.

The first day in Barcelona I set out to find the Internationale pour l'Enfance. It was not at the address given me in Paris, so I had a walk which was not wasted, for it carried me through much of the city that was being bombed about the time I set off from Paris, two days before I arrived: six story buildings, ripped from top to cellar by a single bomb, and in some cases demolished altogether; the Old Cathedral hit and blown into ruins, with its stark facade standing there like Kenilworth Castle remains. They call this cathedral "Old," because, before the present war started they were building on a new Cathedral, which they had got only so far with, that it too now stands there like a ruin. Windows blown out of the old and not yet put into the new. A German young man in his early twenties accosted me and made himself known, German in race but anti-German in sympathies. He said: "I would like to show you some of the ruinous work of some of my fellow countrymen here." Some of those planes were German. In one bombing earlier in the year, the planes had killed 800 and wounded 1,500 people. The bombs hit where life was crowded, at the markets and on the boulevards or Paseos. Later

I found the International for Children on the same street as the Hotel Majestic, and a young Swiss doctor in charge, Dr. Jaeggy. The American young woman who had been in charge had left for home the same day on which I arrived.

American Negro Fighters

Yes, there are American Negro boys in Spain, fighting with the Loyalist troops. All honor to those boys! They are making history. Among them are some of the greatest heroes of the war. There was McDaniels, of San Francisco, who drove back a whole company of Franco's troops by the use of hand grenades, when the Loyalists were re-crossing the Ebro. He is now a black god in Spain, with one explosive bullet in his left thigh. The bullet hit into the thigh, then exploded and moved in three pieces downward. But he is all right, and will be up soon and at 'em again, unless they send him to the States for propaganda purposes as they are thinking of doing.

There is Oscar Hunter, once a student at West Virginia State, and one of the first group to go to Spain when the war opened. He is now Political Commissar of Hospitals, a very high officer. "How long do you think," he asked me, "it might take me to get up to such a position in the United States." "Well, not in the next hundred years," I replied sincerely. He has made it within a year in Spain.

There is no color question in Spain. People are just people. One of the tests for that: the Spanish girls and women who are interested in any colored man, do not sneak, as they often do in the United States, but they go along openly, naturally, and apparently without even any consciousness of being out of any conventions. They laugh and play and joke, and smack each other with their hands in public and in offices, and on the Paseos.

And there is also Abe Lewis; and there is Joe Taylor; also black boys like Luchelle McDaniels. McDaniels is as black all over his body as a well-shined pair of black shoes. When I saw him, he was undressed and his wound was being swabbed by an American nurse in Mataro Hospital, about 30 kilometers out of Barcelona. This is a great military hospital.

These boys, although they are risking their lives for the ideal of popular government, are rather happy in what must seem to them like a normal world. "It's not like the States here," said Joe Taylor, "for here I get some breaks perhaps just because I am colored." When I met Joe, it was first through his voice: going through the Mataro Hospital, which is located in a monastery, I heard singing before I came to the door of one ward, group singing,—Negro singing. "There must be the Negro boys," I thought, and felt that it was odd to find them segregated in Spain. But when we opened the ward door, there was but one Negro, Joe Taylor, and there were all the white patients and the nurses, and they were all singing, Negro songs under Joe's leadership. "Come on, mule!" was the refrain of the song which I had heard. Spanish and French, and American and German and Italian,—all were singing this song. Other songs followed, always led by Joe Taylor. It was not just a remark, but something that I meant and still mean, when I told the hospital authorities: "Joe Taylor is worth more to your patients than any surgeon in the place." They admitted it.

Courtesy Labor Defender

"Houses look like skeletons, like ruins"

Strange how much we learn in a short period of contact: how cordial were these beleaguered people. It was a high privilege to visit this great military hospital, a privilege which they are reluctant to grant to those whom they know, let alone to a stranger. But they gave me this permit, and wanted to send me to other parts of Spain, if only I had had the time. French and English and American correspondents were being denied hospital permits at the same time my permit was being granted.

I shall long remember some of the Spanish leaders: people like Constancia de la Mora, a stateswoman, if ever there was one. She is head of the Foreign Propaganda Service, and is in charge of foreign correspondents in Spain. From her they must get their permits to write articles, and must submit to her censorship. Then there is San Marti, splendid Spaniard, dark and rather handsome. He it was who issued me a permit for visiting military hospitals, and he seemed to understand as soon as we had talked a few minutes. Immediately afterwards an American correspondent and hospital worker from France was denied any permit, even to go with me to Mataro. They took me in a state car, with guide and chauffeur. They made my short stay profitable.

Our Fight, Too

One night the Italians from Mallorca, largest of the Balearic Islands, attempted to raid us, but were driven off by the defense planes. It was just after dinner, and we were seated in one of the hotel salons, conversing. Suddenly a whistle went by, a police whistling as he rode his motor-cycle. All lights of the city went out. It must be done by master switches at the power plant.

(*Continued on page* 330)

A New Deal for Tobacco Workers

By Augusta V. Jackson

Newly organized unions of Negro tobacco stemmers and laborers have won four strikes, an eight hour day, wage increases totaling $300,000, and brought about collective bargaining with managers who used to fire Negroes for just walking into the office

ONE of the most remarkable but little heralded advances in race and labor relations has been brought about by three young C.I.O. organizers among the Negro tobacco workers in Richmond, Va.

"Evangels of John L. Lewis" was the title mockingly hurled at two young labor organizers by the derisive and hostile press of the "open shop" town in Eastern Virginia into which they ventured. Though famed for its tobacco industries, the town was a sleepy place never rent by labor struggles or disturbed by race friction. The status quo on the labor and the racial fronts was maintained, as it is in many places of the South, by means of an unobtrusive but complete suppression of all opposition by the political-industrial combine that ruled the town. The toiling, illiterate, leaderless Negroes had no conception of struggle. The wealthy, paternal factory owners could not vision the possibility of discontent among their workers. They were to be suddenly shaken when the advent of the CIO into the South substituted the terms of written labor contracts for the vague "master and man" relationships that employers sought to maintain with their workers. The hostility of the press was just an indication of the opposition that was to face the CIO in forming labor unions among the thousands of hitherto unorganized Negro stemmers and laborers in the tobacco factories.

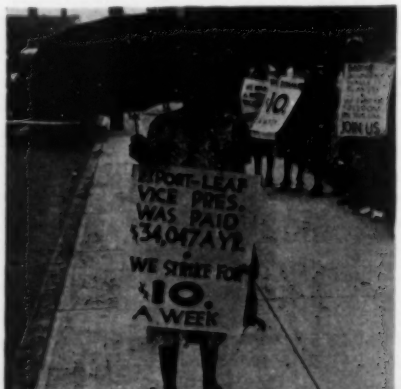
I had already come into contact with the tobacco workers the night before a strike meeting held in the basement of a church. Three hundred men and women, tired and worn looking, and dressed in the pathetic and incongruous Sunday-best of underpaid workers, had clapped and shouted approbation of the speaker who had described the huddled conditions under which they worked. He had spoken of the leaking roof at the factory, the damp, poisonous atmosphere, the dim lighting. Each charge was greeted in the crowd of workers by loud choruses of affirmation which became more hushed, but none the less emphatic as he told how women had no dressing rooms except the shelter afforded behind kegs and barrels in the factory—how in some instances they had to endure the personal insults of foremen. There had been tremendous applause as he finished his speech with a call for a New Deal in the South. Obviously the speaker was not a tobacco worker; many of them still could not read or write. Virginia, I remember having been told, is one of the six states having the lowest per capita expenditure for public school education, and one of the eight states with the lowest percentage of literacy.

A Union Meeting

The experience of that night remains vividly in my mind. They sang spirituals and union songs all through the meeting. For one who has lived in sophisticated city circles these old songs evoked a stirring comparison between our slave forefathers who wrought these songs in the struggle with their misery and these men and women who must still fight wage slavery. They sang with a fervor I have seldom heard in the churches. Strains of "There's a Bright Star Somewhere" and "Everytime I Feel the Spirit" mingled with the Union song,

"Mr. Alston is our leader
We shall not be moved,"

and with talk of higher wages, closed shop, and vacations with pay. Except for this, the rapture and earnestness of the gathering was hardly distinguishable from that of a prayer meeting. The same confidence that God was with them and would see them through, that there was a great day of victory coming prevailed. At the end a quiet little woman, a licensed preacher, she told me later, and a thirty-year veteran of the tobacco factories got up to pray. She asked God for the righteous victory of His servants; thanked Him for Mr. Alston, the Moses sent to guide them through the wilderness, and for Mr. Grandison, the Joshua who would lead them into battle. Then among the echoed Amens of her fellow workers the strike meeting had adjourned.



One of the pickets

The strike vote had been unanimously taken. I had witnessed the first step. Tomorrow I would meet the "evangels"; I would visit factories and talk with strikers.

Access to the factory was difficult. I had left behind the "Wall Street" of Richmond and the rich shopping district. Here were dilapidated old houses and numerous factories crowding down to the waterfront. A pungent, sweetish odor was noticeable in the air becoming stronger and sickening as one approached the James. At this point the river was much narrowed and filled with mud flats; a dense cloud of smoke hung over it and choked the air. The tobacco stemmery clung wearily to one bank. Through the small dark windows of the red pile one could glimpse workers huddled around a table in the dark interior.

A whistle sounded for lunch, and the crowd poured out of a side door. It was hard to recognize them as the men and women of the night before. I had thought them poorly dressed then when they were in their Sunday-best. Now they appeared in their everyday clothes—clothing worn to the last thread of usefulness, frayed coats, torn dress, and broken hulls of shoes through which the bare feet showed. Old and young, there was very little difference in appearance or in dress. Here and there a daub of powder or a pair of earrings betrayed its owner as some young girl, still in her teens perhaps, who only at a second glance seemed any more youthful than the older women around her.

Francis Grandison, the "Joshua" of the night before was pointed out to me. I hastened to meet him, eager to find what sort of personalities were behind this stirring on the lowest levels of Southern industrial life. He talked freely of the tobacco industry, the workers, of himself.

Much attention has been paid in recent years to the Negro in tenant-farming and in sharecropping where millions of them are the victims of drudgery

and poverty. Little, however, has been written and little known of the hundreds of thousands exploited by the tobacco industry. The Piedmont area has grown rich from the billions of cigarettes manufactured here each year. In the city of Richmond, twenty billion were produced last year. Few industries are as lucrative as tobacco, even in depression years. Few industries the world over can cite profits comparable to those of the "Big Four" of tobacco; the makers of Lucky Strikes (The American Tobacco Company), of Camels (R. J. Reynolds), of Chesterfields (Liggett and Myers), and Old Gold (P. Lorillard). More than any other industry tobacco employs a high percentage of Negro workers who are, on an average, the lowest paid of any workers in the major industries of this country. When we think of tobacco we usually think of the agricultural workers who farm it, and of the manufacture of cigars and cigarettes. Before the tobacco leaf can be used for smoking, however, it must go through a processing. Here, in this rehandling, Negroes are employed almost exclusively as stemmers and as laborers. The average wage paid them last year was a little over six dollars a week—and in many factories hours have no top!

The Tobacco Stemmers' and Laborers' Industrial Union has become the medium through which these workers voice their desire for higher wages, a shorter working week, and for more tolerable working conditions. I had a chance to see some of the pay envelopes in a Richmond factory—$4.45, $6.84, $5.00—each a full week's wage for people who had families to feed.

Group of pickets outside of the plant

Spontaneous Strike

As low as these wages are, they represent increases of from 33% to 50% over the wages paid before the coming of the Union. The story of the building of the seven functioning locals now in Richmond can be given here only in outline. In the spring of 1937, the great impetus given by the CIO to unionization within the basic industries had repercussions as far south as Richmond where three hundred tobacco stemmers in the Carrington and Michaux plant undertook a spontaneous strike. At the time no unions had been organized anywhere among the tobacco stemmeries, and the workers were totally unacquainted with the methods of collective bargaining. Prior to the strike they had not even submitted their demands to the management. The walkout had been entirely an undirected protest on the part of the workers against wages of three dollars a week. Once the step was taken, they were uncertain where to turn.

For twenty-four hours they looked about for aid, first having their case rejected as hopeless by American Federation of Labor officials, but at last obtaining counsel from the leaders of the Southern Negro Youth Congress and from a hastily formed Citizens' Committee. Within forty-eight hours negotiations were being carried on which brought the stemmers a satisfactory percentage of wage increases, an eight-hour day, a forty-hour week, and recognition of their representatives as bargaining agents for the group. On the heels of the Carrington and Michaux settlement, another walkout of four hundred stemmers occurred at the I. N. Vaughn factory. At this time a bargaining apparatus had already been established, and again a contract hoisting wages and reducing hours was signed.

The most signal victory of the year was at the Tobacco By-Products Company, a chemical plant employing about two hundred Negro workers. Here the struggle centered not so much around higher wages, for Tobacco By-Products employees were better paid than the stemmers, as around job classification. Most of the employees classified as "helpers" and "laborers" were in reality engaged in such skilled capacities as machine operating and tending. A two weeks' strike was successfully terminated with recognition of the skilled workers and with consequent wage increases, with the granting of vacations with pay, a forty-hour week, and guarantees of just compensation for overtime work.

First Strike Since 1905

This dramatic struggle of Negro laborers for a subsistence wage becomes more remarkable as we examine labor history. According to press reports the Carrington-Michaux and the I. N. Vaughn strikes were the first in the tobacco industry since 1905, and the first strike of any kind in Richmond since 1922. In eighteen months time the Tobacco Stemmers' and Laborers' Industrial Union has negotiated contracts for its locals on eight occasions. Four strikes have been successfully conducted. The eight-hour day now prevails in the unionized factories where formerly the working day was seldom shorter than nine and often as long as fourteen hours. A total of approximately $300,000 in wage increases has been added to the purchasing power of the tobacco workers. There are guarantees of increased pay for overtime and for holiday work. The successes of the tobacco unions have stirred other ranks in the Richmond Community, and now among the under salaried teachers (some of whom earn less than certain classes of tobacco workers) there is the nucleus of a chapter of the American Federation of Teachers. Lastly, but not the least consideration, is the fact that for the first time an organizational drive that is here to stay, and that will reach and move the thousands of Negro stemmers and laborers has penetrated the tobacco industry in one of its major strongholds.

The organization of the factories was a labor not easily done. For decades it was traditionally held that Negroes could not be organized into unions, that they were scabs and strikebreakers. Even among the members themselves there had been murmurs, "our people

don't ever all pull together." Yet in the Richmond Tobacco Unions they have pulled together successfully, to their own credit and to the credit of their young leaders.

Young Leadership

These young men have come into the labor movement through various paths, each for a different reason. Francis Grandison, who acts as business agent for the unions, if challenged, confesses that he is twenty-one, but cautious that those few years cover a multitude of experiences. At fifteen or sixteen he found himself cut adrift from his home where he had spent a sheltered boyhood, reading everything he could get his hands on from fiction to philosophy. In search of work, curious about the world, he wandered over the eastern coast, seeing life at its worst in the crowded flophouses of depression years, working at odd jobs as waiter and busboy, always making friends among older associates with whom he would talk, trying to probe the things he saw. He worked for a while in the CCC camps; he found a place as clerk where he stayed and began to save money. He was settling to a steady life in the North. Then one day he revisited his old home, and was persuaded to stay. He was still very young; he returned to school, but his years of hard experiences, his long education in human misery unfitted him for this carefree environment. He was becoming bored and cynical. At that time the tobacco workers of Richmond had appealed to the public to help them organize. He feels that here among these people, in the fight against wage slavery, he has found a purpose to fill what was otherwise an empty life.

The others, C. Columbus Alston, who was responsible for organizing the Tobacco Union, and James E. Jackson, Jr., their educational director, are about twenty-three. Alston learned his first trade while he was still in his early teens. At sixteen he was on a job in the auto plants of Detroit, a member of the youth committee of the A. F. of L. United Automobile Workers Union, later participating in the first big strike in the auto industry. When he found employment at his own trade he was one of a handful of Negro coopers in the city. He was made secretary of Detroit's all-white Coopers' International Union, and made their delegate to the Central Trades and Labor Council where he was the youngest member.

He had just entered his twenties when John L. Lewis and the CIO launched the movement for industrial organization in the mass production industries and began to bring the message of labor unionization to the hitherto neglected workers of the South. Alston's experience in the Ford plants had convinced him how inadequate the craft unions were to represent the needs of thousands of workers in the auto industry. As a Negro he knew how rarely his people were accepted into the aristocratic ranks of the craft unions. His experience made him valuable to either section of the labor movement. He decided to transfer from the American Federation of Labor to the CIO, from Detroit to the South.

Another picket

James Jackson, the third of the union leaders, university trained, brilliant, serious, tenacious, has not been a worker as have the others. His early years were spent studying, questioning, attempting to initiate reforms. He has never been satisfied with the cliches extant about the needs of the Negro and the problems of the South. What he learned in college and in the university only made him more than before aware of the need for widespread social and economic readjustments in the South. Wherever he lived or studied, there was soon a study group or a nucleus of liberal thought forming about him. By profession he is a pharmacist. Most of his spare time is spent with the unions, or in speaking and writing for their cause. Like his young associates, he makes no mention of personal ambitions. Their aim is to see the whole tobacco industry unionized; until then they will not cease their efforts, and now there is no end in sight.

These young men are known to thousands of the working population of Richmond. They are personally loved by the three thousand members of the Tobacco Unions, and respected by the general citizenry. The recent strike of the Negro tobacco stemmers and laborers successfully carried through at the Export Leaf Tobacco Company placed these personalities involved, however, was the revelation brought about by the strike of the vast significance of a labor movement among Negroes in the South.

Wage Increase Won

Briefly, the strike began in August when workers of the Export Leaf Company, two hundred men and women who had been living on the margin of necessity, at weekly wages of five and six dollars, presented a new contract to their management. They had been organized just the year before, and they had already negotiated for shorter hours and better working conditions. For months they had eagerly followed press reports

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Distributing food to the strikers

Bride of God

By Octavia B. Wynbush

LEAH stood in the flower garden situated on the west side of the little red cottage in which she lived with her aunt Sabriny. It was a rare day in May. The sky was blue as only the Louisiana sky can be blue, with two white clouds chasing each other across it, passing now and then over the sun in their play. A breeze that had wandered up from the Gulf and had lost its way, rustled the stiff leaves of the magnolia tree, sending a few petals of the white-cupped flowers floating to the ground at Leah's feet, and sending the mingled scents of jasmine, honeysuckle and roses to her nostrils. From the thorn bush growing in one corner of the garden, a hidden bird trilled as if his heart were bursting with the beauty and the odors of the morning.

And Leah listened, smiling. She was as happy as the singer, and therefore able to understand his feelings. They were closely akin. Neither had the power of words to express the ecstasy, but each could sing it.

"Yo sho' is happy, little bird. You mus' know how I feels dis mawnin'. Is you in love, too? Is you goin' be ma'ied tonight yo'se'f?"

She laughed at her own foolish conceit, but felt at the same time that she and the bird were kin. He must be in love, he must be, for only love and its near fulfillment could make even a bird so happy.

She moved lightly, gayly among the flowers, caressing the leaves with her long, slender brown fingers, stooping to press her nostrils close to the velvety red, white and delicately pink and yellow roses, bending over the white jasmine throned in their dark green leaves. She leaned over just enough to catch their cloyingly sweet scent without letting her warm breath brown their sensitive petals. Moving to the screened-in side of the porch which formed the side of the garden enclosure, she buried her face in the cool fragrance of the clambering honeysuckle vines.

"Lawdy, Lawdy! What a beautiful day! God mus' know dis is de crowningest day of my life, He done made it so beautiful! Deah Lawd, I'm so happy I jes' can't beah it, I'm 'bout to die o' happiness. God sho' is good to let a fine man like Aleck love me 'nough to want to ma'y me."

Crossing to the north side of the paling fence that enclosed three sides of the garden, she climbed upon the stile which formed the entrance, and sat down. Turning sideways to the west, she gazed over the bluff on which her home stood, into the river flowing placidly below. Her thoughts were not of the river, however, but of her own romance. She was reviewing the incidents of her courtship.

Through her reverie she was pleasantly aware, now and then, of the stir and bustle going on in the house. Quick feet passing to and fro, laughter, much clanking of spoons in pots, the odors of delicious things in process of baking for the feast that would follow the wedding—whose heart would fail to be joyous under these conditions? Aunt Sabriny, a host of female relatives and friends were bustling and turning in the kitchen from which they had forcibly barred Leah a few minutes before.

Feet beating a quick crinch, crinch on the cinder path leading to the house roused Leah. She looked up quickly. Helen, a dear friend of hers from the village a mile distant, was coming up the path as fast as she could. Her round, dark face was covered with perspiration; her plump bosom was rising and falling sharply as if she were at the point of exhaustion. Her shoes and the lower part of her stockings were covered with the yellow, powdery dust of the village roads.

"Hello, Helen, what's yo' hurry? What's de mattah?"

Leah waved her hand in accompaniment with her call. Helen gave her one glance and rushed by, into the house. It was only a glance, but it made something inside Leah stand still. What did it mean, that strangely compassionate, commiserating look in Helen's eyes?

Through the open windows of the house came the cheerful greetings of the busy women.

"How you, Helen?"

"Bless my soul, gal, what you doin' in sech a sweat?"

"What's de mattah? Why you cryin'?"

Then, suddenly, a lowering of voices, a buzzing, a sharp silence, then exclamations.

"What's dat?"

"What you say, Helen?"

"I don't believe it!"

"No, he couldn't do—"

Several loud "sh! sh's," silenced the last speaker, but Leah felt certain that the news concerned her. Quickly, with fast-beating heart she climbed down from the stile and ran to the porch.

"O God, don' let it be that somethin's happened to Aleck. Don' let him be hurt or killed! I couldn't bear to live if somethin' happened to him!"

With almost strengthless fingers she opened the door to the screened porch, entered the house and walked unsteadily through the narrow hall to the kitchen door. There she saw the group of women huddled together, looking at each other in helpless anger, dismay, consternation. From the way in which they started at sight of her, Leah's suspicions and fears were confirmed. Straight, slim and tall, she stood in the doorway, one hand resting on either side of the entrance.

"What's wrong, you all? I know its somethin' bout Aleck. I kin feel it. Tell me! Is he hurt—or—daid?"

"Daid? I wish he was daid, the dirty scoundrel. Death's too good for him!" It was Helen who spoke so wrathfully, striking her fist on a table near which she stood.

"What you mean, Helen? Tell me, somebody, what's de mattah?"

It was Aunt Sabriny who moved out of the group and came over to stand before Leah. Tall, broad-shouldered, stout, she towered over the girl for a few moments, looking at her silently and keenly. Then, taking her gently by the hand, Aunt Sabriny led Leah into the little parlor, where the shades had been drawn to keep it cool and free from dust. There, she placed both hands on the girl's shoulders and said, looking her steadily in the eyes.

"Leah, you's a Sommers, ain't you?"

"Yes, Aunt Sabriny, but why—"

"Us folks, all us folks, yo' gran'ma and yo' ma, an' yo' pa, an' all o' us, has a name fer bein' able to stan' up straight undah de hahdest kin' o' blows. Us ain't nevah hung we haids in front o' no kin' o' folks. If ouah hahts is breakin', us smiles befo' folks, even if us has to cry ouah eyes out when we's alone. No Sommers ain't nevah let de worl' know how he haht is bleedin'. Honey, you got to beah a hahd blow now, but you got to 'member you's a Sommers, an' no mattah how killin' it is, you ain't got to let on, even to dem women in de kitchen. Honey dat no 'count rascal Aleck done ma'ied Lisette Harris in de village ea'ly dis mawnin', an' done gone 'way wid her."

IN the cool of the night, while the last breeze from the Gulf of Mexico still wandered among the flowers and the trees in the garden, coaxing down ad-

venturous petals, Leah walked to and fro, her paradise of the morning now her Gethsemane. The shock of a few hours ago had left her first of all dazed, bewildered. Then had come hot anger at both her utter impotence and her debasing humiliation. Like streaks of scorching flame and scalding water had the keen sense of her humiliation seared her spirit. Yet she was trying to follow Aunt Sabriny's advice and take it "standin' up."

"God, deah God," she moaned helplessly, weakly, leaning against the trunk of the magnolia tree and gazing at the placid river.

How could she stand it? To go on day after day, year after year, living under the shadow of such a cruel thing. Aunt Sabriny could talk about "standin' up." She hadn't gone through anything like this. She had never experienced the scorching humiliation, the shock of shattered faith, of love turned to mockery. She did not have to face living with this dumb misery in her breast. It would be easier just to climb the stile, clamber down the bank, step into the river and float down, maybe to the Gulf from whence the breeze came.

Following her thoughts, she climbed over the stile and walked to the edge of the bluff. A narrow path obscured by the branches of some close-growing thorn bushes led to the river shore below. Carefully putting aside the branches, Leah began her descent. The moon shining over the middle of the river gave her aid in finding the path. Sliding and slipping, she finally stood on the sand of the shore. The waves flowing past, endlessly rippling, endlessly murmuring, dizzied her eyes and lulled her ears.

"Leah, honey!" Aunt Sabriny's arm slid suddenly around Leah's waist. How she had come there, the girl could not fathom.

"Honey, don' do it! Dey ain't no man God evah created worth a woman's killin' herse'f about. Life's got bettah things ahaid fo' you, honey. Bettah you foun' him out befo' dan aftah ma'yin'. Mebbe it's God's way of tellin' you you'll be bettah off an' have a beautiful, happier life not tied to no wuthless man, nohow. I been thinkin', Chile, mebbe you's to be a bride o' God."

"Bride o' God?"

"Yes. Mebbe you ain't to marry. Mebbe you's to spen' yo' life doin' good fo' peoples, like he'pin' de po' an' de sick, an' comfortin' de widow an' de fatherless. O, I don' mean you got to go into a convent, or nothin' like dat, but I means you kin do de same good outside, right aroun' heah. Why, you kin be de light o' dis yere parish. Come honey."

They climbed slowly back up the narrow path to the cottage. After kissing her aunt good-night, Leah went to her own room. The odors of the cooked foods still lingered in the house. She knew that there after the very scent of cooking food would make her ill.

Arriving in her own room, she lit the lamp on the dresser and turned to lower the shade of the window opposite her bed. On crossing the floor, her feet caught in something soft and filmy, and ripped it. Stooping, she picked it up. It was her wedding dress. She had thrown it there in the first violence of her frantic grief. Crushed and torn, it was an emblem of herself, she thought, turning it over in her hands. Then suddenly, with a rush of tears she pressed her face into the soiled whiteness, saying with a whisper that was half sob and half hysterical laughter, "Bride o' God! Bride o' God!"

TIME, that will not stay for joy or sorrow, passed on its way to Eternity, bringing with it inevitable changes. Leaning on Aunt Sabriny's firm, proud personality, Leah learned to walk calmly among her fellows, to hold her head up, and to smile, in time, as if nothing untoward had ever happened in her life. There grew to envelope her an air which, while not exactly aloof, warded off the too inquisitive and the too sympathetic. Her friends and neighbors had very soon discovered that "Leah ain't askin' nobody fo' sympathy."

As the years passed, her already kindly spirit grew more and more kindly, more gentle, more understanding. She set up for herself the ideal Aunt Sabriny had pictured that night on the river bank—"Bride o' God"—and, with little, unpretentious acts here and there she wove herself into the pattern of the community life so delicately, so subtly, that people soon found it a matter of course to refer all knotty problems to Leah Sommers. Mothers sent for her when children became suddenly ill. Wives came to weep out their vexations over wayward husbands; husbands consulted her about careless, wanton wives. Lovers sought her aid in patching up quarrels. Even the pastor of the little church came to look upon "Sis' Leah" as his unfailing source of inspiration and aid. Yet, it all came about so quietly, so unassumingly that no one, and Leah least of all, was realy aware of how great a place she held.

By the time Aunt Sabriny died—an event taking place fifteen years later—Leah had established her place in the village completely. She continued to live alone in the cottage, spending most of her time in the garden. Here, on beautiful days and soft nights she met and talked with many of the people who came with their various troubles.

It was on one of these calm nights in early May that she sat quietly on a rustic bench that had been placed in the garden after people had begun coming to visit her there. Her arms were folded across her bosom, somewhat ampler than in her girl-hood; her eyes were fixed on the river flowing majestically by, at the foot of the bluff. She was thinking of the past.

Twenty years ago that very night she had suffered death without being able to die. Twenty years! The pain she had thought undying had worn first to a dull ache, and then scarcely to the echo of that ache. She was wondering, tonight, as she had often wondered, what had become of Aleck and his bride. No one had heard of them since. Lisette's family had been very close-mouthed about the whole affair. Nobody had ever been able to pry the details out of them.

Leah sighed softly. After that unhappy incident, she had rejected every suitor, partly from pride, which made her feel that people would say she was snatching at any man to cover her humiliation, and partly from lack of faith in anything her suitors said.

But tonight she wondered. Had she done right? What would her life have been had she married? A kind husband, obedient children, happiness perhaps? Or a shiftless man, wayward children and a heavy heart? Had she really chosen the better part?

After all, she wasn't too old to marry. Only last week a woman of forty-five had been married in the village. And she, Leah, was only thirty-eight, and plenty of people said she didn't look a day over thirty. It was all right living alone now, but when old age came, and she grew too feeble to do for herself—.

A step on the cinder path roused her. Her mind flew back to Helen's flight over that path twenty years before. Leah sat still and waited. The person who was coming moved slowly, hesitatingly.

"It's a man's step, but it don't sound like no step I know. He don' know whether to come or go, 'cause they's no light in the house, I guess," she murmured to herself.

Rising, she climbed over the stile and walked across to the steps. The man was so far down the path and coming so slowly that she had ample time to enter the house and light the lamp. She was standing in the door when he opened the screen and crossed the porch.

"Good evenin', ma'am," he saluted in a deep voice.

"Good evenin', sir," responded Leah. It was a stranger. She hesitated about asking him in. He did not wait for an

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America Has No Negroes

By Thomas B. Smith

THERE are no Negroes in the United States if such highly reputable works as *Encyclopedia Britannica, Encyclopedia Americana,* Dr. Richard Goldschmidt's "Ascaris, The Biologist's Story of Life," and most biology and geography textbooks used in the public schools are to be taken as criteria in defining race. I have arrived at this apparently strange conclusion after a careful study of such works as just mentioned over a period of two years, and by an anthropometric study of 244 so-called American Negroes from laborer to professional. Before giving the results of the measurements and the reasons for the conclusion that I have drawn, let us view the characteristics of the Negro as given by the reference books I have given.

The 14th edition of *Britannica,* which states that it is a survey of universal knowledge, has much to say about the characteristics of the Negro. In giving Camper's Angle, commonly known as the Facial Angle (the projection of the jaw beyond a perpendicular line dropped from the forehead) it says that the two extremes are from the Negro to the Grecian Antique. Going further it says that with an angle of 70 degrees you have the Negro; less than 70 degrees and you have an Orang-utan (one of the anthropoid apes); lessen it still more and you have the head of a dog. It gives the facial angle of the European as 93 degrees and that of the New Guinea Native as 75 degrees. In other words, according to Britannica, there is more resemblance between the face of a Negro and that of an ape than there is between the face of a Negro and that of a Caucasian. Yet both Negro and Caucasian belong to the same species, *Home sapiens,* and there is no other animal in the same classification with man after leaving the order to which he belong—Primates.

In the matter of Cephalic Index (the ratio of the width of the head to its length) Britannica says that the Negro is dolichocephalic or long headed, having a cephalic index of 70; and that the European or Caucasian is mesocephalic or medium headed, having a cephalic index of 80.

Now let us turn to *Encyclopedia Americana.* It agrees with *Britannica* in the matter of the Negro's cephalic index. And it adds this. I quote. "Head index of all body characteristics the least changed under the mutable conditions of environment gives the final stamp to racial distinctions in its dolichocephalic and brachycephalic classifications."

While *Americana* gives no definite facial angle, it states that Negroes have a long, protruding jaw, abnormally long arms that sometimes reach the knee-pan, and a somewhat prehensile large toe (that is, it can be used for grasping like the ape uses his great toe).

Among other characteristics T. J. Moon's *Biology for Beginners,* one of North Carolina's high school textbooks, states that the Negro has full jaws and a long skull.

Dr. Richard Goldschmidt, professor of Zoology at the University of California and former director of the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute of Biology, Berlin, Germany, asks the following question and proceeds to answer it: "Why has the African Negro no typical calf of the leg? Everybody knows that the form of an arm or leg is dependent upon the arrangement of the bones, joints, muscles, and sinews. In our leg the supporting bone does not change much in diameter at different levels. The protrusion of the calf is exclusively the result of the form of a muscle, the function of which is to lift the heel in walking and jumping. The structure of this muscle is such that all the flesh is concentrated in the calf and that the rest, stretching down to the point where the muscle is fixed to the heel bone, is transformed into a sinew or tendon, the so-called Achilles tendon. Since a muscle becomes stronger and more bulging with exercise, we can easily observe this arrangement of the muscle of the calf in athletes or dancers. In the most extreme form one might behold this in the poor Eastern Coolies who earn their living by pulling a rickshaw in never ending trot. Their bulging calves sometimes compare most ridiculously with their weak chest and arms. I have never seen Negroes as rickshaw pullers; but if there are such, we may be sure that their legs will not show the phenomenon just described. The reason is that the arrangement of the fleshy parts of their muscle of the calf is different. Instead of the short, bulging muscle narrowing to a long tendon, the Negro's leg contains a long, not bulging, evenly distributed, fleshy muscle with a short tendon attached to the heel bone."

From these works, then, we get a picture of the Negro as a person with a long narrow head, full protruding jaws more apelike than manlike, long apelike arms, a large toe almost opposable to the other digits of the foot, and a straight non-bulging leg.

Now let us look at the illuminating results of my investigation, bearing in mind that I did not make all of my measurements on one group of people, but on about as heterogeneous a group as can be found among America's tenth man.

I found the average cephalic index to be 78.3, which is 8.3 higher than that given by *Britannica* and only 1.7 less than that given for the Caucasians. An index of 78.3 is definitely mesocephalic or medium headed. Of the 244 there were 25, or 10.2 per cent, who were dolichocephalic, having indices ranging from 73.99 to 68.5. Only one of this group had an index below 70, his being 68.5. Only three ranged between 70.3 and 71, the other 21 had indices between 71.01 and 73.99. So it is seen that even among the dolichocephalic group of American Negroes the average index is higher than 70.

There were 19 or 7.7 per cent who were sub-mesocephalic with indices ranging from 74 to 75. And there were 35 or 14.3 per cent who were brachycephalic or broadheads, with indices ranging from 81.01 to 85.5. In the mesocephalic or medium headed group there were 165 or 67.6 per cent of the total. Their indices ranged from 75.01 to 81.

I found the average facial angle to be 88 degrees, just 18 degrees above that given by *Britannica* for Negroes. The lowest facial angle found was 82 degrees and the possessor was a cripple obviously deformed in the face. The highest facial angle found was 93 degrees. The majority, however, were between 87 and 89 degrees.

In the leg measurements I did not find one with the straight, non-bulging leg described by Dr. Goldschmidt. Everyone had a bulging calf that narrowed into a long tendon attached to a short heel bone and not a long one as Dr. Goldschmidt said. The average curvature of the leg or ratio of the lower part to the calf is practically the same as that of white Americans as I measured the legs of white people to check on this point. Dr. Goldschmidt infers that a Negro athlete's leg will not develop a budging calf no matter how much it is exercised. Yet, when I was a student at Wilberforce university, which draws its students from practically every

section of the United States were Negroes live, the West Indies, South and Central America, and Africa, the sixty or more boys who yearly went out for football always presented evidence of calves being enlarged due to exercise. And, may I add that they were a cross section of the student body both in birth place and color.

The matter of the prehensile large toe mentioned by *Americana* may be dismissed also. While I did not make any measurements of the toes of those investigated (confining them solely to legs, face, and head) yet I have watched barefoot boys and girls playing in the streets and barefoot college men in the bathrooms and I have yet to see a prehensile or apelike toe. In fact, unless *Americana* is prepared to go all the way and call the Negro an anthropoid ape this statement could *not* be true because the matter of the large toe is one of the criteria upon which man is differentiated from the anthropoids; that is, man has a large toe that is not opposable to the other digits of the foot while the large toe of the anthropoid is opposable to the other digits of the foot.

Of course, one might attempt to explain my findings by saying that the American Negro is not of pure Negro ancestry. And I very readily agree that he is not of pure Negro ancestry, that is, all American Negroes are not. But let us carefully consider the fact that Herskovits and other well known anthropologists give the incidence of American Negroes of pure African ancestry as approximately 20 per cent. If this is true, then we should find this same percentage of the population exhibiting the characteristics enumerated by *Britannica, Americana,* and Dr. Goldschmidt. Let us bear in mind that only 10.2 per cent are dolichocephalic and that even they have an average index of 72.14 or 2.14 above that given by *Britannica.* Stating it in another way, only 1.6 per cent of the heterogeneous 244 had cephalic indices that fell below *Britannica's* 70 or exceeded it by one or less. Yet, according to the source books, I should have found approximately 20 per cent with an average index of 70, which means that many would have had indices of less than 70. The obvious conclusion is that something is wrong and I assure you that it does not lie with my figures or methods. The point is even more striking when we review the difference between *Britannica's* facial angle of 70 degrees and the average of 88 degrees that I found. Again it is striking in that not *one* was found to have the typical African Negro leg as Dr. Goldschmidt calls it. Of equal importance is the fact that the individuals possessing the most pigment or the darkest color were not confined to one facial or head grouping, but were interspersed throughout the whole just as the ones of obviously mixed ancestry were. In fact, the most brachycephalic person that I measured was about as dark in color as is found in America. His index was 85.5. How can such variations be reconciled with the statements of the source books?

Returning to *Americana* a moment we note that it says that the head index is the least changeable of all body characteristics under the mutable conditions of environment and that it gives the final stamp of racial distinctions in its dolichocephalic and brachycephalic classifications. It, therefore, appears that the American Negro is not a Negro, especially if being a Negro means meeting the requirements laid down in Britannica and *Americana.*

It is not my purpose to prove that the American Negro is identical in every respect with the Caucasian, though the anthropometric measurements are far more similar than dissimilar as reference books might lead one to believe. My purpose is merely to point out the fact that he does not fit the straight jacket prepared for him and to dispel some of the false ideas held by some Negoes themselves and many Caucasians due to the false information that was circulated by the pseudo-scientists of the Slave Era. To be sure there is a slightly greater protrusion in the jaw of the so-called Negro than in that of the Caucasian; but why call this a more apish characteristic than the thin lips of the Caucasian (apes have thin lips) or the greater amount of hair present on the body of the Caucasian? These are facts, yet no source book proclaims that he is just one jump ahead of the anthropoids. Moreover, all men bear resemblances to the higher apes in skeleton, muscles, teeth, position of eyes, structure of the hand, and even motions and facial expressions. Then how can one of these be pointed out as being little more than an Orang-utan without saying the same thing about all?

Just as Clark Wissler states in his "An Introduction to Social Anthropology," this false information got its start due to the conflict between those who held slaves and those who contended that it was against the teachings of both God and man. The non-slave holders hurled at the slave holders that they were keeping men in bondage against the teachings of the Bible. The latter could not swallow that. They forthwith called to their defense the anthropologists who proceeded to find what they were expected to find—that the Negro was not really human but more apelike than manlike and possessed of a childlike mind that could never be developed to do anything worthwhile and it was, there-

(*Continued on page* 336)

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James Weldon Johnson speaking at the Detroit NAACP Conference, 1937

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Editorials

A Companion for Ethiopia

THE Czechoslovakians, perhaps, know little of the history of American Negro slavery, so they will not understand the expression "sold down the river." That is precisely what has happened to them under the benign patronage of the British Empire and France.

Down the river of oblivion President Benes will catch up with his fellow-traveler, Emperor Haile Selassie. Selassie, too, put his trust in Britain. Selassie would have none of the advice of others who saw too plainly the handwriting on the wall, and especially nothing to do with dark people here and there over the globe who claimed kinship with him and his. Britain was his strong right arm—Britain and the League of Nations. The British Lion would not forsake the Lion of Judah.

But Downing Street gave the green "go" signal to Mussolini and his hungry cohorts. The Black Shirts strutted forth with their 300-mile-an-hour bombers, their flame-throwers, their tanks, and their poison gas and had sport with a nation armed with spears and bows and arrows, whose "cities" consisted of mud huts housing peaceful men, women and children.

The surrender of Ethiopia to Fascist Italy wrote the tickets of Austria and Czechoslovakia, had these Central European nations but known it at the time. Ethiopia was black. Ethiopia was "backward." Ethiopia was far off in Africa. What had happened to her would never happen to a "white" nation in modern Europe.

And then Spain. And then China. And Austria. Now a brave people in Old Bohemia who put their trust in the diplomats at No. 10 Downing Street. The only difference (for which the Czechs some day may be grateful) is that England double-crossed the country *before* Hitler was allowed to go in and blow up the place. In Ethiopia, Britain permitted Mussolini's sons, among others, to bomb straw villages and get a "thrill" from splattering the blood of black babies over the countryside the while she was betraying the King of Kings.

There are many lessons in this betrayal of Czechoslovakia for "peace"—largely the peace of Great Britain, and doubtless many morals will be drawn wherever the writers of the world set themselves down to write. But one lesson stands out above all others: *there can be no family of nations where peace and justice are enthroned until the least member nation is guaranteed his rights by all the rest, and especially by the strongest.*

We American Negroes know this to be true and there are now faint signs that other Americans are beginning to wipe the scales of color prejudice from their eyes to learn the same lesson. There will be no democracy in America as long as the humblest black man is denied his rights; indeed, the longer he is maltreated, the greater the danger to the rights of humble, or independent white Americans.

After Ethiopia came Austria and Czechoslovakia. Who comes next?

The Great White Fathers

IT would be a pity if the so-called "inferior" colored races took the conduct of the western white nations in Central Europe as a model for morality.

Hitler and his murdering cabal who have plundered a great nation and set about with the arrogance of ignorance to attempt to plunder the world, long since earned the contempt of colored peoples. If they are what the white or "Aryan" world considers its finest flower, then the sooner the Australian bushmen come into power the better off we shall be.

Now (in this generation) comes England. What a model for "backward" peoples! A pledged word not worth as much as the Kaiser's famous scrap of paper. Pious mouthings for peace at any price—to the other fellow. A partition for Ethiopia. A partition for Czechoslovakia. A "deal" with Italy over Spain. Gagging over marriage of a king to a divorcee. Gurgling over the blood and poverty—and profits—from the West Indies.

Over here a tub of tears for Armenians, Polynesians, or Tibetans, but a shrug of the shoulders over the burning of a Negro at the stake.

Democracy? Honor? Integrity? Christianity? Mercy? Justice? Humanity? What have the Great White Fathers to offer?

Blessings on Disfranchisement

IN his syndicated column of August 25, Mark Sullivan, the leading newspaper writer for the old, die-hard Republicans, comes out flatly in favor of the system of limited franchise in vogue in the South. In his zeal to damn everything Rooseveltian, Mr. Sullivan puts his blessings on the oligarchial system in Dixie which disfranchises poor whites and Negroes so a small class can be kept in power. He writes:

> "The South has a social and political structure which rests upon the smallness of the voting population. For example, in South Carolina, only five persons vote out of 100. In northern states, on the average, thirty out of every hundred vote. . . . The more or less candid purpose of all this is to deter Negroes from voting. It deters also many whites of low economic status. The result is that most southern states are controlled and managed by a relatively small electorate which does not include most of the lower economic strata. This condition . . . (is) now threatened. . . . The New Deal has, as part of its spirit and purpose, to bring about greater political power for those whom . . . (it) describes as 'underprivileged.'"

These remarks are interesting not because they are new, but because they remove any doubt which may have remained as to the oneness of the political beliefs of the Republican school for which Sullivan is spokesman and those of the Democratic school represented by the southern conservatives.

Our columnist is wailing not over the prostitution of the democratic process in Dixie, or over the fact that one southern voter has as much power in Washington as six northern voters, but over the "threat" to this iniquitous system. Patently the piece is pure pandering to racial and sectional prejudices. But it is important because it reveals that there is no difference of opinion along party lines as to the conduct of government. The difference is one of class. Sullivan, Republican mouthpiece, marches shoulder to shoulder with Glass, Bilbo, George, Blease and Talmadge. These latter and Sullivan want a political oligarchy which will maintain their class, not their party, in power. If that means rigging the system so that hundreds of thousands of whites and millions of Negroes are disfranchised, well and good.

The poor Negro, ever the football of politics and other activities, once more has been the unwitting instrument laying bare the weaknesses in our structure; for this thing blessed by Sullivan *et al*, and doused with mild correctives by the discerning Roosevelt disciples, is no more than the usual burden to the black brother, whereas, if the Sullivans have their way, it is likely to be the death of the Western democratic ideal.

Tobacco Workers

(*Continued from page* 324)

on the Wages and Hours Bill, and had voted to incorporate in their next contract the ten dollar minimum wage provided by the law.

As yet the management of the Export Leaf Company had had no labor trouble involving a stoppage of work. The concern is a part of Brown and Williamson Company and a subsidiary of the powerful British-American tobacco trust, with branches both here and abroad. Despite the fact that the Export Leaf Company's stemmers were among thse lowest paid in the city, the management undoubtedly counted on its strength to discourage strikes. The victory at the Export Leaf Company was the hardest won in the short history of Richmond's Tobacco Unions. The company threatened to close its doors, and ship its tobacco elsewhere, and frightened city officials offered to intervene to end the walkout. On the other hand, public opinion was behind the strikers, and their fellow unions helped to contribute to their support both morally and financially. During the eighteen days of the strike food was distributed to the families of the strikers through the union, and pressing debts and rent problems were skilfully managed by the union leadership. It was impossible to break the morale of the strikers. When a settlement was made the demands of the union were met. A minimum wage of twenty-five cents an hour for women and thirty-five cents an hour for men was established; vacations with pay and seniority rights were granted, and a "check-off" system under which the management checks off monthly dues from the wages of union employees and pays the total collection to the financial secretary of the union. In the absence of a closed shop agreement, the "check-off" system is invaluable to the life of a Union.

At approximately the same time, while these workers rejoiced that President Roosevelt was behind them, the Tobacco Association of the United States, a convention of tobacco executives assembled. Instead of the usual conference on internal conditions in the industry, the important problem for consideration was means of securing exemption in tobacco rehandling from the new minimum wage scales. With an appeal to public sentiment on the grounds that the industry hires older workers whom other industries would discharge, and with a threat that they may displace thousands of laborers by introducing machinery, the tobacco magnates have publicized their plans for a war against the ten dollar minimum.

Over 20,000 Negro families depend for existence upon work in the tobacco industry. Much is in the balance in this conflict for the welfare of the race in the tobacco areas. The building of the unions brings a hope of ending the long existent exploitation of Negro workers in the tobacco industry. But the manufacturers have indicated that they are prepared for a fight to maintain the fabulous profits of the world's largest tobacco industries. Is it possible that, through the combine of powerful magnates, the vast industries of the South will remain unchanged in this era of labor unionization and of labor legislation?

Public Support Needed

The answer must come from the people of the South themselves, not only the tobacco workers, but also the white and Negro citizens of each industrial community. These workers have been silent for decades; they fill the slums of their cities; many are illiterate; few are voters. A drive for unionization among them will need the strength of public opinion behind it, for the press of industrial cities is not theirs, but the manufacturers'. In Richmond the tobacco workers are trying to prepare themselves. They look to the Union for the fraternization and education they have missed all their lives. They have asked for elementary classes at night; their interest has extended to citizenship rights, and they want to be ready to register and vote. The Richmond community, too, has undergone a great lesson in cooperation. During the strike of the Export Leaf Tobacco Company, the community, though unused to strikes and somewhat timorous of then gave generously to support the strikers. The churches of Richmond were foremost in volunteering assistance, and making appeals for the workers in their Sunday services. Even white Richmond was friendly, and for the first time in the state's history, white union members from a clothing factory, three hundred strong, picketed with the Negro strikers.

This process of re-education is perhaps too new to make deepseated changes, but its effects are visible everywhere. Managers of the factories survey the new situation somewhat perplexedly. They have been won only gradually to bargain in good faith with the representatives of their workers. For years they have not considered the workers in their employ as men like themselves. Now they face these men and women across the conference table to discuss conditions of employment with them. One factory owner was overheard saying after such a conference, "Times certainly have changed; I remember when I used to fire a nigger for just walking into my office."

There is every evidence that the next few months will see even greater changes. The strike at the Richmond factory of the Export Leaf Tobacco Company, a gigantic concern with branches throughout the Piedmont area, emphasized the need for unionization in the entire tobacco industry. The CIO, accordingly, has recently established a Tobacco Workers Organizing Committee under the leadership of Richmond's union leaders, James E. Jackson, Jr., Francis Grandison, and C. Columbus Alston. Their objective is the complete organization of every factory of the tobacco industry in Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky, and Eastern Tennessee. The situation described in Richmond will be met in dozens of other communities during the drive. The drive will require time, money, organizing genius, and tenacity. For the organization of Negro workers in the heart of the South will be a difficult task. If we are to hold, however, any hope of seeing a regenerated South, this must be one of the paths to it.

What I Saw in Spain

(*Continued from page* 321)

Were you ever in a dark hotel, in a great dark city, with all streets dark, and even the auto lights out, not a spark of fire or light to be seen, except the great searchlights playing on the scattered clouds and the sky, seeking out the enemy? "Were you afraid?" people ask. There seems to be no thought of fear in such a circumstance. There is a feeling of defiance. We, men and women, went out on the Paseo to watch the sights, with no more fear of being hit in the momentarily expected raid than we have hope of winning first prize in the sweepstakes. Of course, it was possible. Those searchlights are a beautiful sight, on a dark sky,—and the music of those planes! It was hours before the attempted raid was over. I actually got tired, and went in and felt my way up the stairs, six flights, in pitch-dark, and undressed and bathed and went to bed without so much as the light of a match.

Today these Spanish people, in their old, old home, antedating the Caesars there, are fighting on the front for popular government,—for self-government. It is our fight.

Twelve colored men are listed in "American Men of Science," for their work in chemistry, preventive medicine, physics, zoology, pathology, anatomy, physiology, psychology, botany, and engineering physiology.

From the Press of the Nation

Editorial of the Month

Labor Points the Way

***The Call*, Kansas City, Mo.**

LABOR . . . is leading the way to accord between blacks and whites. Signs of the new understanding are everywhere. A few weeks ago the hotel and restaurant workers, assembled in San Francisco for their international meeting, decided unanimously to leave the hotel which had been chosen for their headquarters when it sought to discriminate against their Negro delegates. The American Federation of Labor, at its meeting in Tampa, followed its own, not Florida's standards, in the treatment of Negroes in attendance.

In other relations progress is slower. The Democratic party in national convention in Houston, Texas, put Negroes behind a screen. The Republican party meeting in Kansas City also followed local prejudices so that Negro delegates did not share the headquarters of their states. Even Christianity for which brotherhood is a cornerstone has bowed the knee to Baal. The young people's international group, headed up by Dr. Daniel A. Polling, found its religious convictions unequal to meeting young people of color on an equality when its annual gathering was held in a border state.

In the light of these failures of accord within groups who are associated together in a limited way, labor's acting all for one and one for all in the one most important matter of making a living is Gargantuan, overwhelming, incontrovertible evidence of lessening friction between the races. Granted that some unions and some union men still live in the past, the rapid increase of those that incorporate the Negro into unionism whole-heartedly is the real weather vane of what is happening.

Nothing short of this depression which upturned established custom could have hastened the entry of Negroes into labor and into industry. They used to get a chance to work as strike breakers. But there could be only a limited amount of that sort of employment and it was short lived. Today, in a greater variety of crafts and in larger volume than ever before the Negro's right to a job is conceded.

Some see race progress in what Negroes do only in politics. A minister appointed to Liberia, or an official elected for them is noteworthy. But measured by consequences, both immediate and far-reaching, Negroes answering the roll call when some factory resumes production, is the more important.

At the same time that Negroes find this new tendency heartening, labor unions are getting the thrill of doing that which is in keeping with conscience. Less black-balling of the Negro as a duty owed to the race. Instead a sober consideration of what will give labor its rightful share of its production.

This more thoughtful action is bound to continue. It is in keeping with the eternal verities. It will pay! Men of sense all know that Negroes must share work if they are to carry responsibilities. Whites are beginning to see how they sacrifice themselves whenever prejudice supersedes sense.

The "race question" bids fair to fade out of American life in this century. "Cotton Ed" Smith of South Carolina and his ilk may drag the Negro into politics just as Tillman used to do to divert attention from the really important public questions, but as fast as whites tolerate the Negro in labor, they will refuse to ban him in politics.

President Roosevelt has called the South "the nation's number one economic problem." The rapid development of new industries based on the South's own raw materials seems likely to change that situation.

One of the most promising new industries in America is that of making paper from pine wood by the processes developed by the late Dr. Charles H. Herty. Many southern mills are now manufacturing wrapping paper and paper-board from pine, and the first newsprint mill to utilize pulp from cheap southern pine is now under construction in Texas. Its successful operation will not only give the South a new and important industry, but it will point the way to economic independence for American newspapers, which now have to rely on foreign sources for their white paper. . . .—*Journal and Guide*, Norfolk, Va.

There was a time when the Negro editor was widely quoted in the daily press because his opinion was so different from that held by most whites, but it seems that the Negroes' opinions are veering more and more towards those more prevalent in the dailies. The *Atlanta World* furnished an example of this recently when it came out editorially with the statement that the colored brother is wasting his time discussing the Democratic primary in Georgia because it does not concern him in the least. . . .

Such a statement would sound very well in a white southern paper (and the Augusta, Ga., *Daily Herald* took occasion to reprint it) but to our way of thinking, it isn't very good advice to come from a journal that is fighting the battles of its race. It's the philosophy of defeatism—"what's the use of trying." . . .—New York *Age*.

Down in South Carolina Senator "Cotton Ed" Smith is seeking re-election on the platform of white supremacy. After thirty years in the senate of the United States, the aging senator cannot think of anything more worthwhile as a reason why he should be re-elected than the fact that throughout his long term of office, he always worked against the interests of the American Negro. His legislative activity reached a climax last year when he voted against the anti-lynching bill and filibustered with all his might.

Somehow we cannot help but feel that when the senator sits alone in some secluded corner and reviews his life work, he must be terribly disappointed. He has lived to see a president of the United States and the chief of his own party welcoming Negroes and entertaining them in the White House. He saw a Negro preacher opening the Democratic convention in Philadelphia with a prayer for him, too. The old senator sees himself left behind by a new order of things and he knows that his days are numbered. . . .—Detroit, Mich., *Chronicle*.

. . . The war of the 60's under President Abraham Lincoln was to save the Union, but the war today, under President Franklin D. Roosevelt, is to save the South. President Roosevelt has declared war upon the low standard of living of the people in the South, their economic enslavement and their ill-fed, ill-clothed and ill-housed condition. The President knows that the majority of the people want to be helped but the South's statesmen do not want the people to have help. Hence, a war between these statesmen who claim to represent the people of the South, and the President of the United States, is imminent. . . .—St. Louis, Mo., *Argus*.

Your Nose Won't Tell

By W. Montague Cobb

THE large but indeterminate number of American citizens whose security in their daily occupations is dependent upon the fact that their lineaments and hair do not suggest the negroid contribution to their ancestry, might be rendered uneasy by the following statement on page 146 of Victor Heiser's, "An American Doctor's Odyssey," published in August, 1936:

> "That they (Philippine Negritos) were true Negroes was shown by the one piece cartilage in their spreading noses; all other races have a split cartilage. Even the octoroons show this negroid character which is regarded as a reliable test of Negro blood."

This uneasiness might be heightened to alarm at the expansion which appeared shortly afterward in the first November issue of *Collier's Weekly:*

> "Thousands of Negroes, particularly octoroons, whose blood is seven-eighths 'white,' cannot be distinguished from white persons except through an examination of the cartilage in their noses. This nasal tissue is in one piece in Negroes and is split in all other races."

After consulting professional opinion, Hilmar L. Jensen, alert secretary of the Colored Community Branch of the Y.M.C.A., Trenton, N. J., challenged the magazine statement and received the following reply from *Collier's:*

> "The statement that the nasal tissue is in one piece in Negroes and split in all other races comes from Dr. Victor G. Heiser, One, Madison Avenue, New York City. He says that he has found this to be true in the 'countless' nasal examinations he has made throughout the world, as well as having read the statement in several books on biology. As I, and everyone else on Collier's have the utmost faith in the doctor's intelligence and integrity, I did not and still do not believe that this fact needs additional verification. —Freling Foster."

Fortunately, in science it is neither heresy nor bad manners to question the accuracy of any proposition in the absence of convincing proof and Mr. Jensen need not go stand in a corner as *Collier's* would seem to suggest. Because the casual statements of distinguished authors are so often disseminated as gospel truth by the lay press with potential unfortunate results, this particular pronouncement is examined objectively in that constructive spirit which places truth above authority.

In her Harvard study of Negro-White families, Mrs. C. B. Day was unable to find any quadroons (one-quarter Negro blood, twice as much as octoroon) whose facial features would not permit them easily to pass for white.[1] The possibilities of a test detecting Negro blood in much higher dilution by so simple a means as inspection of the external nose would be very intriguing, if the test worked, but we are not given the information necessary for a proper check.

The white folks grow more and more curious about the downtrodden Negro. First it was the skull, then the brain-weight, then the pupil of the eye, then the fingernails, then the leg muscles of our athletes. Now it is the nose. Dr. Cobb has an amusing answer to the justly famed Dr. Victor Heiser

Neither Dr. Heiser's nor the magazine's statements tell us anything about the split itself or the evidence for its alleged race linkage in heredity, and no references are given. The phenomenon is not mentioned in the standard texts on anatomy and physical anthropology or in the comprehensive monographs of I. C. Wen[2] on the form and development of the nasal cartilages in monkeys, apes and men, and of A. H. Schultz[3] on the relations of the external nose to the bony nose and nasal cartilages in whites and Negroes. We have thus only a conclusion to examine and not the data upon which it was or might be based.

Two Errors

We believe that Dr. Heiser has erred twice, first, in that the anatomical feature to which he apparently refers is not a split cartilage, and second, in that this feature is easily shown not to have the hereditary relationship which he claims for it.

On the skin between the nostrils of many people may be seen a definite groove, the medial septal sulcus, which sometimes broadens toward the tip of the nose giving the effect of a notch or dent in the latter, the medial apical sulcus. This groove, it is presumed, was taken as the indication of a "split" cartilage. The absence of the groove would then mean a "one piece" cartilage. Neither assumption could be correct.

The noses of all human beings have the same five principal cartilages, two roof, two wing, and a septal, arranged according to the same basic plan, which is found in apes and monkeys as well. Differences in nasal form, racial or individual, are due to differences in the size and form of the cartilages and bony bridge of the nose. The morphology and development of the nasal cartilages are well known. No "split" cartilage occurs in any monkey, ape or man.

The groove described indicates the interval between the inner limbs of the wing cartilages of the two nostrils. If the skin and subcutaneous tissue are thick, or the inner limbs of the cartilages lie close together, no groove will be seen on the surface. The same cartilages are present, whether or not there is a groove in the skin. The septal sulcus is thus a more superficial trait than the cartilages which produce it. The variation, racial incidence and heredity transmission of the sulcus are by no means established.

Lehmann-Nitsche[4] found the sulcus in only a few males of large numbers of whites, and not at all in South American Indians. Schultz[5] states that "it does not appear to be so rare in whites and is not limited to the male sex." He had never seen it in an American Negro. The sulcus does occur in the American Negro, however, in both septal and special forms, and in poorly marked degree is not uncommon.

If we are correct in assuming that Dr. Heiser took the presence of the medial septal sulcus as indicative of a split cartilage, his conclusion might still be a contribution were it not for the fact that most whites and orientals do not have the sulcus and some American Negroes, with less than three-fourths white blood do.

Deeper Groove in Whites

It may be and probably is true that the groove is more frequent and better marked in white peoples. Schultz[6] found that a short septal cartilage permitted the inner limbs of the wing cartilages to come into contact beneath it in the Negro, but that these were held apart by a longer septal cartilage in the white, except in concave noses. Here the direct association is more plausibly with nasal form and not with race.

It would be most extraordinary if a superficial trait like the medial septal groove showed the strong negative race-linked inheritance attributed to it, but obviously this is not the case.

Dr. Heiser's book is a very entertain-

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Women of the Cotton Fields

By Elaine Ellis

The cotton harvesting season brings sharply to mind the plight of the women who labor on the plantations

ANOTHER cotton picking season has opened in the South. On the farms and plantations, tenants and croppers are harvesting the gleaming white crop with the hope that this year they will get enough from their share to live through the winter. In the cities, the relief agencies are following their annual custom of commanding thousands of undernourished families to go to the cotton fields and pick for what they can get, or starve.

Scenes showing pickers at work in these fields can be secured on post-cards throughout the South. Chambers of Commerce and other civic bodies use such pictures quite often in pamphlets which invite the summer tourist to visit Dixie and learn something about the picturesque region that formed the background for "My Old Kentucky Home" and other folk songs that will never be forgotten. The average tourist will drive though some of these states, visit a few capitols, shake hands with a few governors if he gets a chance to see any, and return home. The cotton fields will cease to be of much interest, for he will have seen too many of them.

Tourists are not told by the big-shot advertising agencies that these cotton fields tell the story of what Norman Thomas calls "probably the most depressed body of workers in America." The men, women, and little children who work in these fields under the blazing Southern sun create the great Cotton Kingdom for which this region is famed. In return for their labor, they receive only poverty, ignorance, and disease.

And it is the woman, Negro and white, on whom the burden is heaviest. In every cotton field one can see her type—a stooped woman dragging a heavy cotton sack. Usually she wears a slatted sunbonnet, and her arms and neck are swathed with rags to protect them from the blistering heat.

This is the woman whom civilization has passed by. But it is from her loins, no less than from the earth itself, that the world's greatest cotton industry has sprung. A slave, and a breeder of slaves, hundreds of thousands of her kind have been crushed in its gigantic and merciless machinery. And as long as the tenant system continues, she must be sacrificed to its greed.

In the past, this woman was compelled to reproduce a large number of children because a large labor supply was in demand. Large families also mean a cheaper form of labor; for children, as well as women, generally represent labor that does not have to be paid. Consequently, the "overhead" falls upon the family instead of the landlord. The landlord himself has enforced this monopoly by letting his farm go to the tenant or cropper having the largest family.

Now the tenant-croppers are charged with "over-population" by economists and agriculturists who disregard the unwholesome economic factors that have caused an increase in farm tenancy. This increase has amounted to sixty per cent since 1930 despite the fact that the AAA drove approximately 300,000 tenants and sharecroppers from the land.

Sterilization Proposed

As one solution to this "over-population," proponents of the sterilization racket are endeavoring to work up an agitation for sterilization of these cotton workers. The now ex-governor of Arkansas, J. M. Futrell, and H. L. Mencken, the writer, have expressed themselves highly in favor of such a measure. Sterilization, one of the tenets of Fascism, makes women its chief victim. One can readily visualize its vicious application as a means of controlling the labor supply.

On the other hand, birth control information has been denied these women, although in some sections of the South there is a plan to introduce it by means of traveling clinics. Now that there is a surplus labor supply, this method that would be such a boon to women is beginning to be viewed in a most favorable light. But the most simple medical attention is still denied them. Even during pregnancy, a woman must work in the field. The fact that she is carrying a child does not excuse her from dragging and lifting the heavy cotton sack. Frequently, when the child is born, she does not have the assistance of a physician. Women in the neighborhood, or a midwife, must help her through her confinement. Very often she does not have even this inadequate aid. It is a common occurrence for a woman who is pregnant to pick cotton until the labor pangs strike her. She may be able to drag herself to the shade of a tree, or to the wagon or car, to give birth to her child. But sometimes it is born among the cotton plants. After it is a few weeks old, it will be taken by its mother to the field. There it will sleep on a pallet with brothers and sisters too young to pick. As soon as it is old enough to carry a sack, it, too, will go into the field.

Woman picking cotton

The mother, in addition, to working in the home field, will "hire out" to a neighboring landlord as soon as this crop is harvested. In addition, she has the upkeep of the house, and further outside work. Her hours average from about twelve to fourteen a day, each being one of extreme toil.

There is an equally bad situation existing for young girls. Many have their health ruined for life because they are forced to drag and lift the heavy cotton sacks during puberty. While the landlords' daughters attend universities and join sororities, these daughters of the croppers help to pay the cost of their dinner dances, rush weeks, and dissipations.

In the lives of these illiterate farm women, there is mute evidence of a capacity for creation. During planting time, they will sow the seeds of zinnias along the outer cotton rows. After the day's drudgery, which ends late at night with the housework, they will return with buckets of water for the seeds. Often one of these women can be seen standing idle for a moment during the busiest part of the day to gaze across

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Along the N.A.A.C.P. Battlefront

TVA Investigates N.A.A.C.P. Charges

At the direction of the joint congressional committee, which is investigating all activities of the Tennessee Valley Authority, Gordon R. Clapp, personnel director of the TVA, conducted hearings in Chattanooga September 7-9 of the charges made by Charles H. Houston, special counsel of the N.A.A.C.P., that Negro workers on the TVA were being treated brutally by foremen; that Negroes were being denied employment in skilled jobs; and that Negro citizens generally in the TVA area were being deprived of the benefits of the huge project.

At Chattanooga, Negro workmen were brought before Mr. Clapp, who was accompanied by Mr. Houston, and they reiterated the charges they had made previously in affidavits which were presented to the congressional committee by Mr. Houston.

With respect to the charge that Negroes had been denied employment in skilled and white collar jobs, Mr. Clapp testified before the joint committee that the sentiment in the TVA area was so strong against Negroes in these positions that the TVA did not feel it could install Negroes in white collar and skilled jobs. The case of a young colored engineer was gone into. He had applied and been accepted by the TVA, but when he went from his home in Washington, D. C., to report for work, it was found that he was a Negro and he was advised that he would be "unhappy" in his work. So strong was the representation of the TVA authorities that he turned down the position and returned home.

In refutation of the statement that the TVA area did not stand for Negroes in skilled jobs, the N.A.A.C.P. cited a case of a colored man who had been a foreman on a large construction project in Chattanooga with both whites and Negroes working under him, but who had been refused a job as foreman by the TVA on the ground that whites would not work under Negroes. Mr. Clapp also investigated and substantiated the charge that Negro workers were performing skilled work such as cement finishing, but were classified as unskilled workers and were drawing considerably less pay than white cement finishers beside whom they were working. A formal written protest to the TVA, outlining the charges, has been filed by the N.A.A.C.P.

MRS. JOHANNA CARTER

A hard worker of the Baton Rouge, La., branch who brought in $60 last year from Christmas seals and buttons

President Moves to Expand Social Security

It was announced by the White House September 1 that President Roosevelt has called a conference of the proper officials for the purpose of extending the benefits of the social security act to include agricultural workers and domestic servants and other classes of workers not now receiving the benefits of the act.

This move was hailed by the N.A.A.C.P. in letters to Mr. Roosevelt and Senator Wagner of New York. The N.A.A.C.P. has urged the expansion of the social security act ever since it was adopted, pointing out that the greatest number of wage earners in the Negro group was occupied in the two fields of domestic service and agriculture. As long as the act does not cover these two categories, the great bulk of Negro workers will not receive any benefits from the legislation.

1938 Lynching Total Is Five, N.A.A.C.P. Finds

The total number of lynchings for 1938 up to September 15 is five, according to records kept by the N.A.A.C.P. The association lists three lynchings in Mississippi, one in Georgia and one in Florida.

The first lynching of the year was discovered to have occurred on June 10, rather than on July 6. Wash Adams, a young colored man of Columbus, Miss., was beaten to death with an iron bar on June 10 presumably because he had failed to pay a balance of $10 due on the funeral expenses for his wife. Adams was taken from his home to the undertaking parlor by three white men and there beaten so severely that he died after a few hours. The story of the lynching was contained in a letter from a prominent white citizen of Columbus, Miss., to the N.A.A.C.P.

The other "concealed" lynching was uncovered by the N.A.A.C.P. in Perry, Fla. Otis Price, colored, age 22, was shot to death August 9 after being taken from the custody of Sheriff Wilson of Taylor county. Price was arrested on suspicion of rape after a white farmer's wife had screamed when a Negro allegedly walked passed her cabin as she was taking a bath. The other three lynchings occurred as follows: Tom Greene at Rolling Fork, Miss., July 6; John Dukes, Arabi, Ga., July 9; and Claude Banks, Canton, Miss., July 21.

A new anti-lynching bill will be introduced in the 76th Congress which convenes in January, N.A.A.C.P. officials announced September 12.

Branch News

A mass meeting was held Monday night, July 18, by the **Dayton, O.,** branch for the purpose of outlining the steps to be taken in connection with the killing of Jack Francis by a Dayton police officer July 10.

The Negro Protective League of Yonkers was formally established as the **Yonkers, N. Y.,** branch of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People on July 12. James E. Allen, state president, addressed more than 200 persons at the first meeting in the Memorial A. M. E. Zion church. Other speakers included Dr. Harold Williams, president of the **White Plains, N. Y.,** branch; Dr. Leon Scott, past president of the **New Rochelle, N. Y.,** branch; and Dr. William Collymore, past president of the **White Plains, N. Y.,** branch. The new organization was inspired as a result of a recent police brutality case in the community.

The **Staten Island, N. Y.,** branch, in a published letter in the Staten Island **Advance,** refuted a recent statement of Boro President Palma who claimed that there were no slums in the borough to be eliminated. The branch, in its letter, pointed

out that the President's statement was not based on knowledge of actual conditions. The letter further stated that the Negroes were actual residents of the slum area.

The **Kansas City, Kan.**, branch in a resolution submitted to newspapers on July 16, denounced the Rev. Gerald Winrod of Wichita as unfit to sit in the United States senate and asked Kansas Negroes to repudiate his candidacy. The resolution charged Winrod with stirring up bigotry and prejudice against other races and religions and with importing nazi and fascist technique of foreign countries to create discord and intolerance among the people of the state.

Dr. A. W. Womack, president of the **Indianapolis, Ind.**, branch, was delegate to the N.A.A.C.P. convention at Columbus in June.

After receiving a protest from the officials of the **Detroit, Mich.**, N.A.A.C.P. branch, Mayor Reading ordered a complete investigation into charges of police brutality against Negroes.

A new grand jury investigation of the slaying of a Negro prisoner in the courthouse on May 11 is being sought by the **Birmingham, Ala.**, branch. President W. S. Shortridge asked Circuit Judge E. M. Creel to direct the jury's attention to the shooting of John Louis Smith who was shot a few minutes after his conviction on a serious charge.

The **Mobile, Ala.**, branch held a mass meeting at the Warren Street Episcopal church on Sunday, July 10. Emphasis was placed upon the necessity for the further development of business enterprises among colored people.

The **Richmond, Va.**, branch in a letter to the Richmond **Times-Dispatch** expressed deep sorrow and regret over the passing of one of Virginia's great women, Mrs. B. B. Munford. Mrs. Munford was a public spirited citizen who was interested in the welfare and development of all groups in the community.

Mrs. Letho Terry was delegate from the **Reading, Pa.**, branch to the annual conference in June.

Proposals for a model housing project in South Jamaica were framed at a mass meeting May 28 by the **Jamaica, N. Y.**, branch. T. Arnold Hill, director of industrial relations of the National Urban League and Lester B. Granger, secretary of the newly-formed Committee on Negro Welfare of the Welfare Council of New York City, were speakers.

May 24 the judge in the Jamaica riot case granted a motion made by the defense lawyers on the grounds of double jeopardy. The granting of this motion automatically released the three men indicted by the grand jury on charges of felonious assault. The men released are James Manley, Samuel Murray and Riley Tennyson. Manley was the one who died last Friday. Tennyson is still in jail serving a sentence of six months on the disorderly conduct charge. The grand jury refused to indict three others on charges of felonious assault and homicide. Thomas Tucker, the seventh defendant, was to be brought to trial on the charge of first degree homicide on May 31.

The **Columbus, O.**, branch continues to push its fight for the enforcement of the civil rights act in the local theatres. The latest development in its fight for civil rights is a denial of a motion for a new trial of the famous Caliman-Woods case. The whole east side of Columbus is seething with discontent and is much aroused over the attitude of the courts. Arguments for the new trial were heard Saturday, July 9. The motion was denied by the court. The banch will continue to push this and other cases.

The **Princeton, N. J.**, branch has launched a vigorous program to obtain a new elementary school for public school children. The branch has also been successful in obtaining the employment of a colored boy in an A. & P. store in the neighborhood. The president of the Princeton branch, Dr. David W. Anthony, was recently elected president of the **New Jersey State Conference of Branches.**

Dr. William Pickens, director of branches of the N.A.A.C.P., was the guest speaker at a meeting of the **Long Branch, N. J.**, branch July 28.

A very interesting program was presented by the **Pueblo, Colo.**, branch on Monday, August 1, at St. Paul African Methodist church. Several papers were read and a lecture given by Randel Baker on "The Miseducated Negro."

The executive committee for the membership drive of the **Akron, O.**, branch held a drive meeting on August 1. T. M. Fletcher, membership drive chairman, was in charge.

The **Memphis, Tenn.**, branch held its regular monthly meeting at Mississippi Boulevard Christian church on July 29. Utillus R. Phillips, president, made a report on the annual conference held in Columbus in June.

Negro residents in Chattanooga have become alarmed over the homicide wave in which Negroes kill Negroes for some trivial reason and either escape punishment or get minor sentences for their crimes. Dr. L. L. Patton, president of the **Chattanooga, Tenn.**, branch, issued a statement asking "fuller cooperation with the police department by witnesses to crimes."

Thurgood Marshall, assistant special counsel of the N.A.A.C.P., was the guest speaker of the **Mobile, Ala.**, branch on July 30 in the colored community center.

The **Mercer county, Pa.**, branch of the N.A.A.C.P. conducted an open forum on Sunday, July 1. The subject discussed was "Religion and the Negro" which was opened by the Rev. L. M. Turner of the Church of God. Mrs. Sarah Dillard Reid, secretary of the branch, gave a report on the 29th annual conference held recently in Columbus.

The **Stockton, Calif.**, branch presented Irving Goleman of the Stockton Junior college staff in a lecture on "The Negro Artists" at the A.M.E. church July 18.

Edward L. Snyder, secretary of the **Houston, Tex.**, branch, delivered a talk on Negro youth programs in other cities at the Corinth Baptist church on Sunday, July 24. Mr. Snyder recently returned from Chicago and Atlanta where constructive N.Y.A. and W.P.A. programs for Negro youth are under way.

Reports from the Columbus conference were read at the July meeting of the **Pasadena, Calif.**, branch. Reports of committees working on local problems were also given.

Reports on the 29th annual conference of the N.A.A.C.P. held in Columbus were given at a meeting of the **Licking county, O.**, branch in Shiloh Baptist church, Thursday, July 21. Mrs. Margaret Wilson, head of the educational department of the W.P.A., was guest speaker.

The **Waukegan, Ill.**, branch held its regular monthly meeting July 24 with William Payne, president, presiding.

The **Tucson, Ariz.**, branch held its regular monthly meeting on July 24 at the C.M.E. church.

Reports of local delegates to the national conference held in Columbus in June were made in the auditorium of the Mt. Corinth Baptist church July 24 to the members of the **Clarksville, Tenn.**, branch. Edward L. Snyder, chairman of the Houston branch legal redress and legislation committee, was one of the speakers.

Edgar Williams, president of the **Portland, Ore.**, branch, presented the subject, "The History of the Negro in Oregon" at a dinner meeting of the Council for Economic and Social Research, Tuesday, July 19.

The **Pine Bluff, Ark.**, branch held a mass meeting July 31 at the St. John A.M.E. church for the dual purpose of introducing the campaign for equal educational opportunities and to hold a memorial service to the late James Weldon Johnson. A very impressive program was rendered. Through the inspiration of this service, many new memberships were received and the old ones renewed or promised.

Motivated by the success attained in a recent fight to obtain a position for a young woman in one of the North End theatres, the **Detroit, Mich.**, branch of the youth council has launched an extensive program which will be more constructive in scope.

The Rev. J. T. Patton, president, and A. J. Morris, secretary, of the **Nashville, Tenn.**, branch, were members of a committee which called on Mayor Thomas L. Cummings in August requesting the building of sewers in a large section of North and West Nashville.

The **Waukegan, Ill.**, branch met in August at the home of Alphonso Williams, 426 Spruce avenue.

Mrs. T. G. Nutter, chairman of the program committee of the **Charleston, W. Va.**, branch announces the following program for the year 1938–1939: September, Memorial Service Commemorating the Life and Achievements of James Weldon Johnson; October, Charles Young Post of the American Legion and the Woman's Auxiliary; November, Girl Scouts of Kanawha County under the direction of Miss Anne Gardner; December, Miss Marion Cuthbert, Director of the Leadership Division of the Y. W. C. A., New York City; January, Nu Chapter of Alpha Kappa Alpha Sorority, West Virginia State College; February, Hi-Y Clubs of Boyd and Garnet High Schools; March, Phi Delta Kappa Sorority; April, Kappa Alpha Psi Fraternity; and May, Delta Sigma Theta Sorority of West Virginia State College.

The **Pasadena, Calif.**, branch held a short forum for election candidates at its meeting August 19. The next meeting was scheduled to be held September 15. The Rev. W. A. Wilkins is president, and Mrs. Milton Groomes is secretary.

The **New Bedford, Mass.**, branch held its outing August 18 at Fort Phoenix. Sports were under the direction of Fred D. Bonner and entertainment was provided by a committee comprising Walter W. Bonner, J. R. Barreau, Henry P. Onley, Mrs. Leah Bolden, Mrs. Pauline

Diggs, and Dr. J. T. Parham. The fall membership campaign has been set for October and will close October 21 with a meeting in the auditorium of the Union Baptist church.

The **Detroit, Mich.,** branch under the leadership of Dr. J. J. McClendon has been busy during the latter part of the summer with discrimination cases.

Dr. McClendon protested to Dr. Eugene B. Elliott, state superintendent of public institutions, on the reported refusal of the board of education at Luther, Mich., to permit Negro students to enter the high school there. Dr. Elliott ordered an investigation. It was said that two colored girls from Baldwin and Peacock, Mich., had been refused at the Luther school. Four other colored students are said to be eligible to enter the Luther school. Dr. Elliott stated that there might be a tuition problem involved, but withheld any further comment until the results of the investigation are placed before him.

The branch is also active in the case of four colored women, three of them school teachers, who were ejected early in September from the S. S. Alabama of the Kirby Steamship line after they had purchased tickets for a five-day cruise on the Great Lakes to Georgianna Bay. The women were Mrs. Lowell Baker, Detroit teacher; Miss Anna Smith, Windsor, Ontario, teacher; Mrs. Georgianna I. Dickson, St. Louis school teacher, and her sister. All four women were forced to leave the ship by the officials even after they had been issued keys to their staterooms. They returned their keys and tickets and planned legal action with the assistance of the Detroit branch.

The third case of discrimination involved Dr. McClendon, president of the branch, who was refused service in the Northland Cafe in Mackinaw City, Mich., because he refused to move to a table in the rear of the restaurant near the kitchen. Dr. McClendon and his party went to the Northland Cafe one day during their stay in Mackinaw City and were served without any question. Liking both the food and the service, they decided to return the next day for another meal. On that occasion they were told that they would have to occupy a table in the rear of the restaurant. When they refused to move they were not served. The proprietor of the restaurant was arrested and found guilty of violating the state civil rights law. The minimum penalty is $25 fine. Dr. McClendon's lawyers are considering instituting a civil suit also.

The **State Conference of Pennsylvania Branches** is scheduled to take place in New Castle, Pa., the latter part of September.

The **Huntington, W. Va.,** branch has named a committee to investigate labor conditions in Huntington affecting Negroes. The Rev. J. Carl Mitchell is president.

The newly organized **Marshalltown, Ia.,** branch ended its first membership campaign in August with a meeting at the Second Baptist church. Sixty memberships were obtained, ten more than the number necessary to start a branch. I. L. Brown is president. Greetings were brought to the new branch by Mr. Fred Morrow, president of the **Des Moines** branch, and Mr. Trotter who recounted briefly the history of the Des Moines branch. Mrs. J. B. Morris of Des Moines, who attended the annual conference in Columbus, gave a report on the national meeting. Carl Brown sang and Miss Carlyn Brown rendered a piano solo.

Awarded Ph. D.

Dr. Nelson H. Harris received his Ph. D. degree this year from the University of Michigan. He is director of teacher training at Shaw university

The **Richmond, Va.,** branch is celebrating with Mrs. Mary V. Binga, president of the Colored Playground and Recreation Association, over the successful ending of a long fight for the construction of an adequate swimming pool for colored children in an acceptable location. The city some years ago agreed that a swimming pool ought to be built, but wished to locate it near railroad tracks. Mrs. Binga remained firm in her insistence on an improved site and the city has finally given in. The Richmond branch officially was not active in the fight, but its officers and members worked with Mrs. Binga. The city postponed action over such a long period that the youth council of the Richmond branch had decided to present themselves this summer at the "white" swimming pool in order to make a test case and bring the matter to a head. This plan was cancelled but was held in abeyance when it appeared that negotiations between the city and the colored playground association would be successful.

The **Columbus, O.,** branch is investigating both segregation of colored students and the beating of one colored boy at the Grove City high school. Percy Rider, an instructor in the high school, ordered all the colored students out of the study hall for the students into a separate room on the theory that colored and white students ought not to study in the same hall. One student, the son of Charles S. Johnson of Urbancrest, resented the separation and failed to respond to his name when the roll was called. The teacher is then reported to have manhandled the lad who fought back. The boy was then taken to a higher school official who beat him with a stick so severely that a school nurse felt it necessary to send him to a children's hospital.

No Negroes

(*Continued from page* 328)

fore, permissible in the sight of God to enslave him just as the mule or horse.

This trash has remained in American literature and scientific works ever since it was first put there. Instead of giving the facts as they are, our public school textbooks, newspapers, magazines, and even encyclopediae cling to it and present the Negro as a sort of glorified ape in spite of all the information to the contrary.

I call on the thinking people of America, irrespective of racial identity, to dispel this false information by disseminating the truth. Upon teachers, who have charge of America when its mind is most open to impressions and changes, I especially call, asking them to take up where I have left off and carry the truth to their wands, telling them that in spite of what their geography, biology, encyclopedia, or periodical says, the American Negro is not just one jump removed from the ape, and that neither is he a happy-go-lucky, ever laughing child, but a human being as *definitely* so as any other man, and possessed of the *same* possibilities.

Nose Won't Tell

(*Continued from page* 332)

ing description of adventure and service. There is no indication that it was intended to be a scientific reference and its use as such is perhaps best not attempted.

In any case, available anatomical and anthropological knowledge indicates quite clearly: that no cartilage is known to split in any human nose; and that the presence or absence of the median septal or apical sulcus is not a criterion for the presence of Negro blood. They who profit from lack of pigmentation may proceed with confidence. Their noses may know, but they won't tell.

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3. Am. J. Phys. Anthrop., *1:* 329–338, 1918; *20:* 205–212, 1935
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There are 44 Negro insurance companies in the country, 28 of which are members of the National Negro Insurance Association. The members of this association reported in 1936 an annual income of $15,061,000, with $288,963,000 of life insurance in force on 1,600,000 policies.

N.A.A.C.P. Youth Council News

Lady Simon Scores Lynching in Letter to Chicago Youth Council

In May of this year, LIFE magazine carried a two-page illustrated report of a colorful London social function, which was attended by many English lords and ladies. Lady Simon, one of the outstanding guests, was referred to in the accompanying article as being very eager for the abolition of slavery in Africa and of lynching in the United States.

Mrs. Frances Taylor Moseley, sponsor of the Chicago Youth Council, suggested that a letter be sent Lady Simon commending her attitude and requesting more information concerning it. The following was sent:

"Dear Lady Simon: We, members of the Chicago Youth Council of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, recently observed in an American magazine, LIFE, a reference to your 'great interest in life—the abolition of slavery in Africa and of lynching in the United States.' May we express our sincere admiration, for this is our great interest, too. Our aim is to do all we can to stop lynching and racial discrimination. We cannot tell you how deeply we appreciate the earnest sympathy of such a person as yourself. These horrors do not touch you personally—yet you realize that the progress of civilization must of necessity be retarded as long as they exist.

"We would be pleased beyond measure to have an early reply from you, discussing more fully your 'great interest.'

Yours truly,

GWENDOLYN BROOKS,
Press and Publicity Chairman,
Chicago Youth Council,
N.A.A.C.P."

Lady Simon's answer:

"Dear Miss Brooks: Your kind appreciation of any work I have done in regard to rousing public opinion against the two great iniquities of our time, Slavery and Lynching, has touched me very much . . . . I regard lynching to be entirely contrary to a civilized sense of justice. If a man, Negro or white, does wrong he must bear being punished. But the law must investigate the crime and prove if the man is guilty. Mob violence is not law, and there is the most serious danger that an innocent man may suffer at the hands of those who have not waited until the crime is properly investigated.

"Civilization should teach control, and lynching is done by those who are without it. . . . I WOULD DEVOTE MY LIFE TO TRYING TO ABOLISH THIS EVIL IF IT WERE IN MY COUNTRY AND THUS ENDEAVOR TO REMOVE THE DARK STAIN WHICH RESTS ON THOSE WHO CLAIM TO BE CIVILIZED AND TO BE CHRISTIANS. The United States has a history with the names of great men such as Abraham Lincoln who loved humanity and tried to improve it and rouse the conscience of those who could help to make the world a better place, and Frederick Douglass, who loved his own people and tried to get justice for them.

"I hope the generation which is now growing up will use all the powers they possess to bring an end forever to this crime of lynching which is uncivilized and cruel. It took a long time for the public to realize the wickedness and injustice of slavery but lynching must come to an end when the better instincts

(*Continued on next page*)

Montclair, N. J., youth council. Seated, first row center, (dark dress) Miss Jeanne Gregg, president. Second row, extreme right, J. N. Williams, adviser

of the people are aroused against so great a blot on a so-called civilized nation. My indignation is so great that I never lose an opportunity of denouncing these two crimes—Slavery and Lynching."

Yours truly,
LADY SIMON

World Youth Congress

Miss Virginia Anderson, active youth worker in the Brooklyn, N. Y., youth council, was appointed official observer of the N.A.A.C.P. at the Second World Youth Congress which convened at Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, New York, August 16 to 24. Delegates from all over the world, representing Christian, fraternal, social, political and industrial organizations met to confer on common problems facing the masses, chief of which is peace.

On Sunday, August 7 at 5:15 P.M. over Station WOV, Miss Anderson had the privilege of introducing, on behalf of the N.A.A.C.P. and the Negro youth of America, the African delegate, Ernest Kalibala, principal of the Aggrey Memorial School, Uganda, East Africa.

Boston Seeks Better Housing

The most recent effort of the Boston youth council is to join the fight for better housing in the South End. The youth council adds three of its workers, Victor Bynor, Seaton Manning and Gertrude Smith to the Committee of Social Agencies, which aims by insistent demands to speed up the action on the Government Housing Project proposed for the South End.

The move is the first of the new regime of recently installed officers; Reynold Costa, president, Victor Bynoe, vice-president, Charlotte Cummings, recording secretary, Octavia Robinson, corresponding secretary, Edwina Bryant, treasurer, Ethel M. Stewart, financial secretary.

Mr. Costa received recognition at the N.A.A.C.P. convention in Columbus. He was asked to give a ten-minute talk on "How the Use of the Radio Aids Youth Council Promotion," based on the successful five months of broadcasts which the council sponsored. Mr. Costa attributes this recognition to the high place that the Boston youth council holds among the youth councils of the country, ranking second in financial standing. Much credit is due Misses Gertrude Smith as Christmas Seal Chairman, Octavia Robinson as Button Chairman, and Mr. Costa as membership campaign director for the present financial status of the group.

Detroit Scores Job Victory

During the summer months, the Detroit youth councils held the interest of their members through the promotion of lawn parties, teas, and similar activities. In the midst of their fun, time and effort were expended by the North End Council to secure a job for Evelyn Foster at the Echo Theater.

On April 23, Paul Foster, colored employee of the theater was discharged for no apparent reason. Mr. Foster appealed to the N.A.A.C.P. and through the efforts of Dr. J. J. McClendon, president of the senior branch, was reinstated, only to be discharged again on June 5. Mr. Foster's second appeal to the N.A.A.C.P. was referred to Gloster Current The North End council began work immediately by forming a committee to see Mr. Robbins, manager of the theater and ask if he would re-employ a colored person, since his place is patronized largely by them. Miss Foster's employment was the outcome of this conference.

Brooklyn Opens Campaign

The Brooklyn youth council is resuming fall and winter activities with the launching of a membership drive, the goal of which is 500 members. Miss Virginia Anderson, chairman, has as her assistants Vivian Deas, Geraldine Billups, Alice Dozier, Inez Williams, Mary Randolph and Lester Gordan.

Morristown Fetes Graduates

The Morristown, N. J., youth council was host to the colored graduates from Morristown, Madison, Chatham, Summit, Dover, and Bernardsville at their annual prom held in the gymnasium of the Lafayette school. Attractive decorations of palms, flowers and crepe paper, arranged under the supervision of Barbara Mason, furnished a lovely setting for dancing to Van Dunk's orchestra. Refreshments, through the courtesy of the auxiliary of the senior branch, were served throughout the evening. Mrs. Robert N. Tucker, adviser, was general chairman, assisted by Alice Satchelle, music chairman, and Sam Hughey, invitations chairman.

Dr. L. E. Baxter, senior branch president, presented the graduates, and made an award to Miss Venia Martin, graduate of Morristown high school, for her excellent scholastic record in English.

Busy Season Ahead for Youth Councils

With summer vacations behind them, the youth councils and college chapters are looking toward one of the most important seasons in their history. During the past few months several new councils have been organized and chartered.

There are a number of unfinished local problems to be completed and many new ones constantly cropping up. In planning 1938–39 programs serious thought should be given to the four major national activties in which the youth of the Association engage: the protest against educational inequalities during National Education Week, November 6-12; the sale of Christmas seals; the Third National Youth Demonstration Against Lynching in February, 1939; the annual conference of the Association at Richmond, Virginia, next June. In order that these national projects may have the desired effect, programs should be mapped out well in advance, making possible a complete co-ordination of local and national activities.

All youth councils and college chapters, are urged to stress memberships this fall. Renewal of present membership is not enough. There are hundreds of young people who have never been approached. Campaigns should be short, intensive and widely publicized.

BOSTON YOUTH COUNCIL PROTESTS POWELL SPEECH

Reynold Costa, president of the Boston, Mass., youth council of the N.A.A.C.P, wrote a letter August 3 to Commissioner K. M. Landis protesting against the remark of Alvin "Jake" Powell, member of the New York Yankee baseball team, in a radio broadcast from Chicago. Powell has denied the remark since, but thousands of listeners assert that he said he spent his winters as a police officer in Dayton, Ohio, where he got a lot of fun "cracking niggers over the head with his club."

The storm of protest from colored baseball fans and throughout the colored press forced the Yankee management and Powell to issue both an apology and a denial.

HEADS RED CAPS

Willard S. Townsend, former laboratory technician, today leads the organized Red Caps in their fight before the Interstate Commerce Commission for job status. Mr. Townsend recently attended the Commission's oral hearings in Washington, where the Red Caps case was presented by George E. C. Hayes, well known Washington attorney. A decision is expected in a few weeks.

BOOK NEWS and REVIEWS

WILLIAM ALPHAEUS HUNTON. A Pioneer Prophet of Young Men. By Addie Waite Hunton. The Association Press, N.Y.C. $2.00.

Mrs. Hunton, herself a pioneer in the Young Woman's Christian Association and a cultured and gracious lady, has written with loving kindness and fresh memory of the career of her distinguished husband who passed away in 1916, at a tragically early age and at the height of his brilliant career. A resumé of outstanding events and personalities in the world of Christian service for a period of thirty years, it is a record which those particularly associated with that work will want to have in their libraries.

When Mr. Hunton entered the Christian Association work among Negroes in 1888, coming from Canada where he was born, there were only a few Associations among Negroes and they were in colleges. Beginning in Norfolk where he was the first secretary, he became within two years the first colored secretary of the International Committee of the Y.M.C.A. He was a competent, trustworthy, indefatigable and inspired executive and he lived to see the "Y" work among Negroes broadened and strengthened to an extent which in the beginning would have been considered unthinkable.

He "discovered" and influenced many outstanding Christian workers like J. E. Moorland, C. H. Tobias, T. W. Taylor, G. E. Haynes and others. Associated with him were Booker T. Washington, John Hope, David Jones and many others, living and dead. He had the opportunity to travel widely at home and abroad, and constantly had the responsibility of interpreting to white people the hopes, aspirations and ideals of young colored America. In the dark world he became known everywhere as the prophet of Christian ideals and deportment for the youth of color, and his influence was wide and deep.

He was the Christian warrior, firm in his convictions, an earnest disciple verging on the mystic. Not by any means impractical, he seems to have been in reality not of this world at all but one who while treading the good earth nevertheless lived spiritually above the crass materialism of the day. Hurt as he often was by the insensate cruelty and heartlessness of the ubiquitous color problem, he was the inspired teacher rather than the warrior in the front ranks. He heartily disliked strife and contention and yet when the occasion demanded he could take a firm and uncompromising stand for what he deemed to be right.

Reading the account of his life and thoughts during the busy years of his leadership, one is impressed by his confidence in the ultimate triumph of the Christian message which to some may seem slightly naïve in a world where the predominance of force and hatred has become so painfully marked. . . . The teachings of Christ were ever his guide and strength and his life is at once a challenge and an inspiration to those who firmly believe in their ultimate prevalence.

As one would expect, Mrs. Hunton writes engagingly and with an intimate knowledge and understanding born of close association resulting from their long and happy marriage from 1893 to 1916, when he passed to his reward. This very intimacy, of course, has militated against complete objectivity. For that we shall probably have to await a later evaluation.

GEORGE S. SCHUYLER.

COLLECTIVISM—A FALSE UTOPIA by William Henry Chamberlin. Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

With Chamberlin as Cicerone, the reader of his latest book is privileged to tour in all the Utopias currently operating in the world. Mr. Chamberlin's wide experience in the Far East and in Central Europe makes him an excellent guide, and he takes those who will but read to see the wheels go 'round. In Italy, Germany, and Russia the machinery is put on view. But more than this, the basic values in life: freedom of press, assembly and election, of trade union and professional organization and religious activity are used as the background. With the fundamental concepts of liberty as a yardstick, Chamberlin compares the Russian, German, and Italian dictatorships with each other and democracy. So fairly does Chamberlin adduce the facts, so clearly does he compare them, so free is he from propaganda that throughout the book his simple message rings clear at all times. He says in the introduction that he feels that the most important problem in the world is the choice between dictatorships and democracies. For he is convinced of the unconditional value of human liberty.

A judicious adherence to the principles: you are not guilty until we prove it, assures one that the word "false" was chosen to describe the would-be Utopias only after careful fact-finding, first-hand experience, and an unsatisfied search for liberty, the *sine qua non* of a Utopia.

War, the chief end-in-view of certain of the Utopias and a not unimportant thought in the non-militant groups, is the subject for some of Mr. Chamberlin's most stirring observations. He feels that any wars to come in the next few years will be confined to the dictatorships and not involve the democracies. However, he clearly warns against letting armaments in democratic countries become inferior to those of the fascist or communist states. It is regretted that one with Mr. Chamberlin's insight, intimate knowledge and deep feeling takes his stand for armament building. One could wish to have heard suggestions for expenditures for constructing other bulwarks of democratic institutions.

He further advises that in the event of war between fascist and communist powers, the democracies should maintain strict non-intervention. In the light of the bitter struggle being waged in Spain between fascist and communist powers, surely Mr. Chamberlin would be the first to suggest a type of regulation by the democratic countries which would really bring about genuine non-intervention.

He reminds us that our experiences in the last war make it plain that a war cannot save democracy. The result of all our efforts in the World War was a crop of liberty-destroying dictatorships. Chamberlin suggests in this connection that since the firing process (revolution) made liberty secure in Britain, France, and the United States of America, then no real democratic government can rise elsewhere without that process.

Chamberlin adroitly, and permanently, perhaps, disposes of the often-expressed theory that capitalism causes war. This would be more convincing, he says, if war had never existed before the coming of capitalism. "Moreover," he says, "it is precisely the countries where pure capitalism, least affected by state interference, is strongest which are most obviously committed to non-aggression policies

(*Continued on next page*)

Negroes or Colored People?

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at the present time." The most martial utterances, certainly are made by Germany, Italy, the Soviet Union.

The author's contributions about labor conditions and quality, about living standards, about production, distribution, and consumption serve as an admirable handbook of facts sorely needed. The book will fill a great need in this respect.

CONSUELO ELWOOD

A SOUTHERNER DISCOVERS THE SOUTH by Jonathan Daniels. Macmillan Company, New York. 346 pages. $3.

In the past few months several significant books have come out of the South from the pens of liberal and enlightened southerners. None has more merit, more significance, more spirit, than the interpretive travel lore of Jonathan Daniels. The author presents a book that brings to the reader the beauty and despair, charm and desolation, hilarity and tragedy, of the region.

Mr. Daniels is eminently qualified to write an intelligent appraisal of the South and its legendary people. He was born in North Carolina, the son of the famed Josephus Daniels. He was educated at the State university, and at the present lives in Raleigh where he is the efficient and liberal editor of the *News and Observer*. His reviews on books of the South have graced the newspapers and literary journals of the country for over a decade. Yet his desire to know more about the much discussed section where he lives, prompted him to set out on an extended expedition to discover first hand, if it is true what they say about Dixie.

Beginning at Arlington Cemetery at Washington, Jonathan Daniels motored from Virginia to Arkansas, along the Mississippi Delta to the Gulf, up through the center of Alabama and Georgia to the Atlantic seaboard and thence home. At intervals he left broad highways to explore hinterlands obscure and uninviting. With childlike passion, he visited farms, plantations, factories, and government projects. He talked with politicians and statesmen. He fraternized with people in all walks of life—educated Negroes and whites, illiterates, of both groups. He met the great and near great—the high and low—the rich and poor—and each meeting is valuable and worthy of the detailed report the author gives it.

From the observations of Mr. Daniels one deduces the fact that the Old South is gone, and that finally, even if reluctantly, changes necessary to keep pace with the present tempo of life, have and are being made. Some of these changes, like the settlement at Norris, for example, he views with misgivings. He feels that such governmental developments as at Norris (TVA), for example, or the ERA model town at Dyess, Ark., are attempts to fasten and force upon these sections a new and foreign pattern of life. It is his opinion that such a metamorphosis should be a more gradual process of development—should not be forced—and would eventually come from the initiative of the people themselves, if only they were given the proper chance. This chance demands that the people be freed "from improper restraint and overwhelming handicap." There is also the inference that the mental attitude of the South would be freer and happier if the North would relinquish certain advantages gained as a result of the Civil War and Reconstruction.

While the author has justified praise for the South, he also has constructive criticism. He is not blind to the faults of the area. He sees the region in all its pettiness, pretense and self-delusion. He sees that the salvation of the South lies not in continuing to accept and practice the traditional agrarian system, but in introducing and encouraging industry.

E. FREDERIC MORROW

TESTAMENT OF YOUTH by Vera Brittain. Macmillan Company, New York. 661 pp. $2.50.

The late World War offered inexhaustible themes to every man, woman and child who had the will to write. So much of the material that found its way into books can contemptuously be dismissed as, "stuff." Yet, out of this welter of texts came some admirable themes to enthusiastically beget the commendation of consequential critics and book lovers. Such a book is Vera Brittain's "Testament of Youth."

This book was called to the attention of this department by a youth who had experienced most of the common defeats of young people today. Misunderstood, hampered by illiberal parents and friends, caught in the floes of a financial tide, stymied by a job that stifled initiative and hope, this young person at the end of her tether, found a new hope and resistance in the pages of Vera Brittain's novel.

Perhaps every generation of youth face a crisis. None has ever faced a greater one than the "lost generation" of the war. Their sacrifices, denials, losses, penalties, are epic. Their hour of Gethsemene was wretched and endless. They gave their all for platitudes and pledges and hopeless ideals.

"Testament of Youth" is an autobiography of the war years. Vera Brittain was the typical young European woman who lost brother, lover, fortune, health, friends, and family surroundings in the devastating conflict of 1914-1917. Flung into this maelstrom of strife, she struggled valiantly to match the teachings of a sheltered childhood, with the cruel unrealities of the war period. She gave up residence at Oxford to become a nurse. Her varied experiences in several hospitals scattered on a dozen fronts, is heartrending and tragic. Yet, despite this interminable nightmare in the formative years of this young woman, she came out of the war to develop a new life founded upon imperishable human values.

In the present days of youthful despair and woe, it is a pleasure to recommend to the youth of the land, this book that carries a message of courage in its pages—and establishes the fact that dawn comes, eventually, no matter how black the night.

E.F.M.

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TEXAS DAILY PRAISES MARIAN ANDERSON

The recital of Marian Anderson, famed contralto, in Dallas, Texas, last spring, drew the highest praise from the music critics of the Dallas daily papers. Following are some of the excerpts from the Dallas *Morning News*:

"One must go back many years—one authority has suggested forty—to find her match in the art of song. It was one of the supreme song recitalists of all times who appeared before the Civic Music Association's subscribers with a message that had nothing whatsoever to do with circumstances of race and origin. . . .

"A lieder singer Marian Anderson is, one of the most sensitive, penetrating, and vocally eloquent ever heard. The recital reached an exalted climax with Schubert's 'Fruehlingstraum.' 'Der Tod und Das Maedchen,' 'Wohin?' and the 'Ave Maria' which beggared everything before and after.

"The youthful 'Tod,' with something of the dark romanticism and dramatic tension of 'Der Erlkoenig,' made one tingle with suspense. When, before, has 'Wohin' been sung with such effortless momentum, such sly and fugitive tone painting, or such meticulous phrasing? . . .

"Technically, the 'Crucifixion' was an amazing, stunning, performance on a contralto's lower register. One might compare the tone with that of a 'cello but this would be only half of it. Superb recitalist that she is, Marian Anderson sings the word as well as the music, the meaning as well as the melody.

"In vocal endowment as in other great qualities, Marian Anderson seems to belong to an immortal line. The voice itself, rising from deep bronze to penetrating silver, is probably the noblest and most resourceful contralto organ since the heyday of Schumann-Heink. It obeys every tasteful, discriminating command of the artist, changes hue to the mood, pours forth majestic utterance or ministers a caress of velvet."

Bride of God

(*Continued from page* 326)

invitation, however, but began talking at once.

"I'm lookin' for Miss Sommers,—Miss Leah Sommers—if you please."

"I'm her. What kin I do fo' you?" A kindly tone took away any brusqueness from Leah's answer.

The man stood twisting his hat, look-

ing at her intently trying to say something, evidently.

To relieve his distress, Leah repeated kindly, "I'm Leah Sommers. What kin I he'p you do?"

From his lips as from a dry, husky cavern, came the words, "Leah, don' you know me? I'm Aleck."

Leah's form stiffened. She drew back into the room, her hands on the door. A surge of anger, hatred, bitterness she had not dreamed of rose suddenly prompting her to shut the door in the face of the man who had so cruelly humiliated her.

"Leah! Fo' God's sake don' shet de do' on me! I know I deserves it, I know it, but I'm in trouble, an' I come to you fo' he'p. Please! Please! I won't come in—I ain't fit—but I needs yo' he'p." He was clinging to the outer door knob with all his might, frantic and piteous as a frightened child.

"What do you want o' me, Aleck Kingston, after twenty years?"

"Leah, I ain't had nothin' but bad luck sence I did de way I did. Things is gone f'um bad to wuss, an' now, now, I'm in de wuss trouble I evah did see."

"What's de mattah? What yo' done?" There was something sinister in the wav Aleck had spoken the last words.

"Leah, 'bout a yeah ago, Lisette 'n' me, we got tiahed bummin' f'um place to place in de city, up North, an' we came back to de plantation 'cross de rivah. Two nights ago I got drunk an' los' mah haid, an' when de boss spoke to me de nex' mawnin' in a lonely paht o' de fiel—" his voice choked; he stopped.

Leah knew what was coming. Her quick mind flew back to a rumor she had heard the day before. The overseer on the plantation across the river had been found with his skull crushed in. A posse had been searching for the murderer ever since.

"You mean you's de man what killed—"

"Yes, Leah, fo' God's sake he'p me. Hide me somewhere tonight an' tomorrow, an' de nex' night I'll leave."

Leah looked at the poor, shivering creature before her.

"But why'n't you travel tonight? Why'n't you try to get on? Why did you come here, anyway, Aleck? You mek me buck de law? Why fo' Gowd's sake—"

A sound in the distance broke up her speech.

"O Lawd, dey's aftah me! Leah, please, please!"

Before she could answer him, he had bolted into the house and crouched in the corner farthest from the light. Leah turned to him. Pity for an object so weak, so cowardly abject, flooded through her.

"Go up into the loft above my room," she whispered commandingly. "Nobody's in sight yet, an' mebbe dey won' come dis way, who knows? Go on, I tell you!"

As Aleck crept off, she turned to the door and stood framed in it awhile. Way in the distance came the sound of voices shouting, yelling, angry, frenzied voices, mixed with the deep voiced baying of blood hounds.

"Dey's found his trail, I know it," she thought, "Deah Lawd, he'p me do de right thing."

The yelling and the baying came nearer and nearer. Lights from torches, from flashlights could be seen. A great mob was swarming up the path and over the yard, a yelling, screaming mob.

Leah surveyed them calmly. One of them, a tall, commanding man, walked up to her and spoke.

"Leah Sommers, we want you to hand over Aleck Kingston, for murder."

Leah looked at him and smiled. "Lawd sakes, Mistah Johnny, ef yo' daid mothah knowed you was traipsin' 'round heah at de haid ob a crowd a no 'counts lak dat, she'd tuhn ovah in her grave. Whah's yo' raisin' any how? Don' you know de law kin handle a man lak Aleck Kingston, ef he's to be found? You don' fo'got how often I've trotted you 'roun while yo' mammy lived, ain't you?"

The man flushed deeply. He was evidently embarrassed, but did not intend to be put down so easily. So he repeated his command, but in a more mollified tone. Evidently the crowd was subject to his will, for as he talked to Leah, they contented themselves with trampling over the ground, keeping up a great hubbub, but made no attempt to enter the house.

Suddenly, behind the crowd another noise could be distinguished. Soon a troop of mounted police came riding through the mob, hurling them to left and right before the swift pace of the horses. With shouts and oaths the erstwhile clamorous, blood thirsty group melted into the night.

One of the officers, evidently in command, dismounted. The others followed suit, and spread out around the house. The first officer mounted the steps to the porch and entered it. Brusquely he demanded the business of the men in conversation with Leah.

"He's jes' a frien' o' mine, sir, came to see me on some personal mattahs," she answered quietly.

The officer then demanded the surrender of the hunted man, if he was in the house. Knowing the peril she was runing into by concealing Aleck, and feeling at the same time profound pity for him in his mortal terror and abjectness, Leah prayed inwardly for help. It came, even as she prayed. Out of the shadows behind her came Aleck, straight and composed, his face alone working spasmodically. He stretched out his hands for the handcuffs.

"Officer, here I is. I've been a wicked

(*Continued on next page*)

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READ AND ACT

The National Negro Insurance Association reported for 1936:

—Assets of $17,434,075.07
—Income of $15,061,347.72
—Insurance in force: $288,963,070.00
—Policies in force: 1,643,125
—Ordinary Insurance: $80,106,234
—Industrial Insurance: $181,961,766.63.
—Health and Accident Insurance: $26,895,069.37
—Employment: 8,150 Negroes
—Policies issued and Revived in 1936: $174,112,773.00
—Increased business, 1936: $65,645,466
—Increase in policies, 1936: 251,047

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man all my life, I guess. I gotta pay now fo' killin' dis man, an' fo' spoilin' yo' life, Leah," he said, turning to her as the officer snapped the handcuffs shut.

Leah looked at him pityingly. She knew he did not understand when she said quietly, "You ain't spoiled my life nohow, Aleck. No man kin spoil the life of a Bride o' God."

Cotton Fields

(*Continued from page* 333)

the even rows to where gaily colored zinnias flame among the white cotton. And the change in her is miraculous. This woman is suddenly straight and clear-eyed, and pushing back her bonnet, she shades her eyes with her hand as she looks across the field shimmering in waves of heat. But just as suddenly, she will droop, and turn again to her task. The cotton must be picked!

Gradually Being Organized

But the women of the cotton fields are awakening. It began back in 1931 when Estelle Milner, a young Negro girl, brought the tenants and sharecroppers of Camp Hill, Alabama, a little paper called *The Southern Worker*. The organization of the Sharecroppers Union that followed, and the bloody battles of Camp Hill and Reeltown will never be forgotten. In the years that have followed, the Sharecroppers Union, Southern Tenant Farmers Union, and the Farmers Union have organized more than 300,000 tenants and sharecroppers throughout the South.

The bloodshed that planters and deputy sheriffs caused at Camp Hill and Reeltown, when mangled croppers were forced to flee for their lives, marked only the beginning of terrorism that breaks out wherever unions of these workers demand better conditions. But undaunted, they struggle on, frequently chalking up victories to their score.

And the women are standing by their men.

Letters from Readers

Most Neglected Area

To the Editor of The Crisis:—The last issue of The Crisis, the August number, was absorbingly interesting from cover to cover. First, I read the table of contents and noted the caption, "The Most Neglected Area in Negro Education." In my eagerness I failed to note the author, my good friend and former colleague, Dr. Benjamin E. Mays. Had I noted the name, it would not have dampened my enthusiasm for it, nor taken the edge off my interest, but I might have guessed more accurately the content of the thesis.

If I were dean of the school of religion of Howard university, and as good a one as Dr. Mays unquestionably is, perhaps I would as faithfully as my knowledge and vocabulary permitted, say the same thing, namely that the business of training preachers, of "bringing theological and religious education up to the standard set for colleges and universities" is the most neglected area in Negro education.

Twenty-five years of intimate association with boys of high school age, college students and those younger cause me to suggest that there is another area of neglect in our educational processes. I point an accusing finger at the work in the primary and elementary grades. My indictment is that the ground work is faulty, that our whole educational structure is built on sand.

It is perhaps too late in high school, and certainly in college, university and professional school, to talk fundamentals. Students too often are as innocent as babes in swaddling clothes of the mechanics of spelling. Penmanship, once the pride of budding geniuses, is no longer taught nor learned. Often the rules of punctuation and the intricacies of grammatical construction might as well be outlined in Sanskrit or in hieroglyphics. Once in college, students break their own hearts and the hearts of their instructors (until the teacher becomes case-hardened), in their futile efforts to tackle successfully the problems of languages, whether it is a "dead" language, a foreign tongue, or forsooth, their own. Students unable to write correctly a sentence, or to put down their thoughts in readable, concise English will not make any "A's," win the Phi Beta Kappa key nor do anything else educationally worth while. They must be rejected by any school of higher learning worthy of the name that plays fair with the association of colleges under whose authority it may grant certificates and degrees of acceptable standard and merit.

For every student in college, seminary and professional school, tens of thousands quit before that time and must make their way in our industrial and economic order with the benefit and background of just a few years of formal educational training.

The English system of more thorough drill on fundamentals in the elementary grades is perhaps responsible more than anything else for scholarship for which students from England and those of her island possessions in the New World are noted.

My guess, and that is about all it is, would be that we are missing an opportunity in our elementary preparation. Our literary and educational foundations are not built on bed-rock. They are woefully weak.

Fritz Cansler

Dallas, Texas.

Thank You

To the Editor of The Crisis:—Please accept heartiest congratulations upon your July issue of The Crisis. It is fine in every respect.

I do hope you will have a very large circulation.

George B. Murphy, Sr.

Baltimore, Md.

ELIGIBLE

By Evelyn M. Warrick

We hear about another world,
A place that sets apart,
Where people know each other by
The color of the heart.

Yet, in this world, men know us by
The color of the skin;
Instead of searching deeper for
The good that is within.

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